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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 213.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 1, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Rita Martin*

A corner warm within my heart,
Have I, O maid of 'witching wile,
Reserved for thee, because thou art
Not glorious by the Odol smile

MISS GAY SILVANI

A talented young actress who is playing Cinderella at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham

No. 213.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 1, 1908

The New Year opens under peculiarly favourable auspices, which we believe we are the first to point out. By special arrangement with the calendar-makers, it has been published on Wednesday, January 1, the very same day, of course, as THE BYSTANDER.

* * *

As a result of this, readers who expected to be bored by the arrival of that somewhat *passé* novelty, a New Year, will be agreeably disappointed. With our genial pages before him, it would be impossible for the most—— But, no! Not even under this temptation will we break our rule of shrinking from self-advertisement. Enough that we do not merely wish our readers a Happy New Year, but offer them one—at the sacrificial price of sixpence. [Owing to Editor wanting to leave for the Continent.]

* * *

On this subject of the New Year (which we shall presently glance away from, if possible), one rather gathers from copy-books, novels, and so forth, that some grown-up people do actually regard each ensuing January 1 as marking a new epoch in their lives. We should doubt the truth of this. As a general rule, we should say this creditable expectancy ceases much earlier. In the case of boys, it stops after they have got their first pair of trousers. In the case of girls, it goes on a little longer perhaps—until, in fact, they have secured one of the creatures who insetted themselves, so proudly and so thoughtlessly, into those first ill-cut cylinders.

* * *

Even journalists, who make the most of everything (and a good deal more generally), fight shy of the New Year. Your morning paper, as you know without looking at it, will contain practically nothing about the year that is to come, while it will teem with information about the year that has just gone. You know the sort of thing: "In International affairs, the Hague Conference demands first place. It was a great success (*Daily News*); moderate success (*Westminster Gazette*), failure (*Daily Graphic*); complete fiasco (*Globe*). . . . Mention of the proposal of Disarmament brings us to a consideration of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whose credit stands higher than it ever did (*Star*); is gradually sinking into insignificance (*Pall Mall*); is a by-word for ignominy (*Express*); is beneath contempt (*North Mimms Gazette*). . . . Though Mr. Winston Churchill, during his extended tour, has not bagged any lions (*Times*); giant sloths (*Express*); okapis (*Standard*)—he has, nevertheless—" There is no need to continue.

Sport in High Life
"Yes, I've often shot at Windsor Castle"
"Ever hit it?"
BY ARTHUR LEE

* * *

Here, by the way, is a list of a few things the New Year is pretty certain to bring us. Sixpenny cab-fares. A slump in Limericks. The Japanese bayonet. No refreshment on Sundays. There is no immediate connection between these things except, of course, that what we spent on Limericks we shall now be able to spend on cab-fares, and while we shall have longer bayonets, we shall have shorter drinks. *Sic itur ad astra*, however.

* * *

The headquarters of the Legion of Frontiersmen were recently opened at Hanley. It is gratifying to note that Lord Curzon's lecture on Frontiers has had such an immediate effect; and British-born pioneers in this neighbourhood should no longer have any cause to fear the attacks of predatory tribesmen.

* * *

"Even proud Frenchmen," said Count Okuma in his famous speech on England "admit that Englishmen boast themselves that their race is the most excellent in the world." It is a fine picture—that of the haughty Gaul driven, little by little, into admitting that Englishmen do sometimes boast. But need Count Okuma have made quite such a point of it?

Lessons in Journalese: No. 4

HOW TO WRITE A "RETROSPECT" FOR A PROVINCIAL PAPER

[*From the "Market-Buncombe Herald and Sevenshires Advertiser*]

RETROSPECT—1907

The year that has just passed has, on the whole, been a singularly uneventful one for Market-Buncombe, but, nevertheless, there are one or two outstanding features that are worthy of being chronicled in this, our eleventh, Retrospect.

The widening of the footway in Bell Street has bulked largely in the public eye, and there is no doubt that the cost of the additional three inches is amply compensated for by the increased comfort to pedestrians and others.

The commercial enterprise of our fellow-townsmen, we are glad to note, is by no means on the wane, and it will be generally conceded that Mr. Armitage's new plate-glass window in South Street—especially when lit up at night—strikes a distinctly modern note.

The recent litigation over the ice-cream shop at the foot of the Railway Approach caused at the time a good deal of interest and comment, and we heartily congratulate all concerned on the equitable settlement of what looked at one time like being an *impasse*. There were fewer complaints about the slaughter-house in 1907 than in any previous year since its inception, and we may perhaps be permitted to indulge the hope that 1908 will witness a cessation of the nuisance altogether.

The production at the Town Hall, by a provincial company, of *The Biggest Bounder in Brixton*, and a visit from General Booth, were the main dramatic and musical events of the year.

In October, Mr. Peter Blatherwick, the senior postman, was presented with a silver pedometer, suitably inscribed, to mark the completion of his 7,000th mile in the execution of his duties.

The increased accommodation afforded by the recent addition to the cemetery has not yet been fully taken advantage of, but no doubt in the course of the coming year it will gradually assume a more business-like aspect.

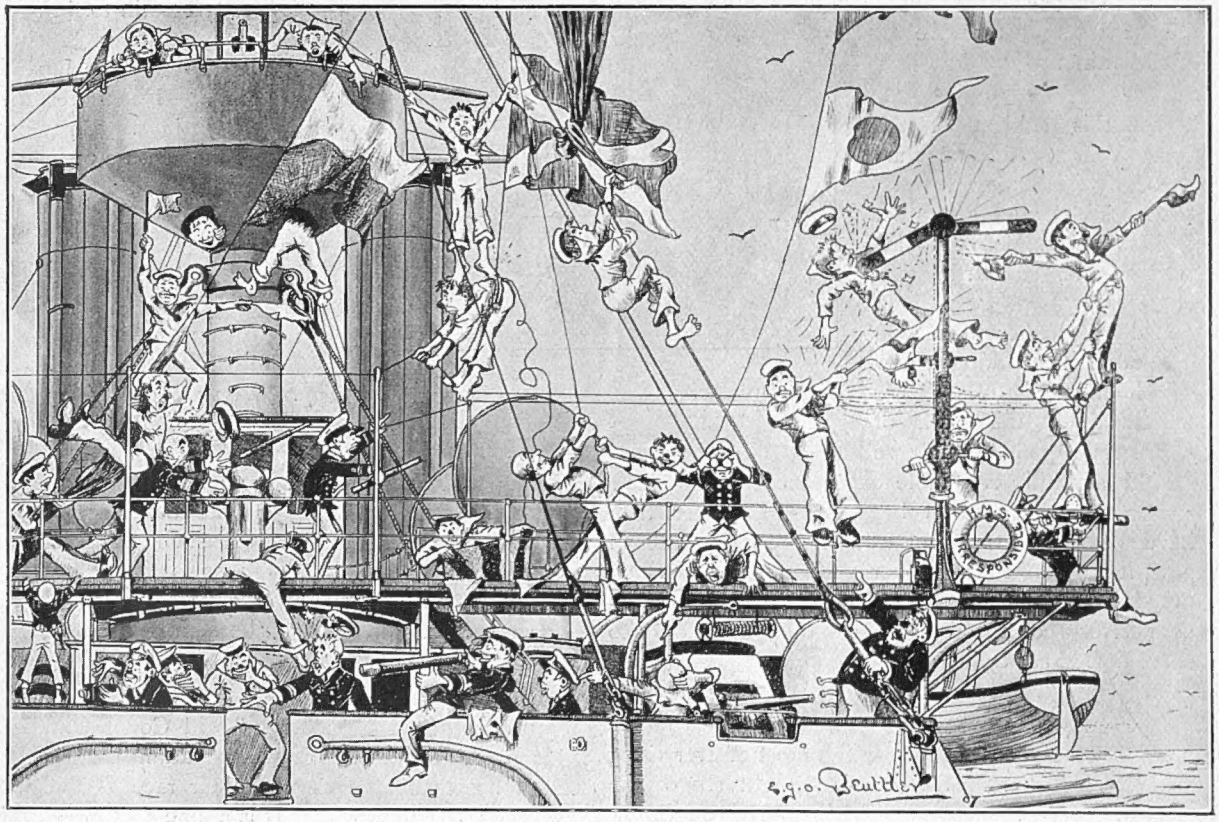
In conclusion, we have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a Calendar for 1908. Every day of the year is distinctly shown, and a very special feature of the Calendar this year is that all Bank Holidays and Red-Letter Days are underlined in blue. Extra copies of this novelty can be obtained at the *Herald* Office.

It is now our pleasant task to wish all our readers at Home, Abroad, in our Colonies, in Prison, at Sea, or wherever the *Herald* reaches them, the old, old wish—

A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

N.B. — The Calendar may be had mounted on rollers and varnished, price 6*d.* (unvarnished, 4½*d.*).

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY



No. 4.—SIGNALLING PRACTICE

This striking scene, sketched on board H.M.S. *Irresponsible* by our special artist correspondent, is an object-lesson to all scaremongers on the ease and precision with which the most intricate and important duties are undertaken in the Senior Service. All interested in the Navy should carefully watch this series, which is being continued

By. E. G. O. Beuttler

Some New Year Resolutions

BY FRANK GILLETT

Bringing Down a High Bird

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES PHEASANT SHOOTING AT BROCKET HALL

It is well known that His Royal Highness is one of the finest shots in the Kingdom, and he recently had some excellent sport while the guest of Lord and Lady Mount Stephen at their beautiful place, Brocket Hall, near Hatfield. It was at Brocket Hall that Lord Melbourne died, while Lord Palmerston also lived there. Lady Mount Stephen is one of the Princess of Wales's oldest friends

The Shooting at Brocket Hall
Lord Lichfield changing guns

The WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Shooting at Brocket Hall

Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P. (heir to the Devonshire dukedom). The shooting party was given by Lord Mount Stephen, and the Prince of Wales was among the guests

Enter 1908

It is always with a genuine feeling of pleasure that I, on this fateful "First," offer to readers a "Happy New Year." Generally, my all-pervading sentiment is one of relief that 365 days will elapse before it will again be my duty to offer it. This year, the feeling is deepened, for there will be 366. This—listen, oh Militant Womanhood!—is Leap Year. Hie ye then, unceasingly, to St. Stephen's, avail yourselves of the rights of your sex to secure from recalcitrant man the votes of which ye so unaccountably stand in need. And let others who are not Suffragettes be no less lax in the exercise of their rights. Let the list of next season's Hymeneal fixtures be overwhelmingly long, so that we may the more easily, and the more pleasingly, fill those of our pages which we must needs devote to portraiture.

* * *

The King at Elvedon

Elvedon, where the King, as the guest of Lord Iveagh, will shoot this week, is one of the most magnificent houses in England. It was practically rebuilt by the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at a time when he stood high in favour with the late Queen. He spent vast sums upon it—almost more than he had to spend—and, in an abortive attempt to recoup, dunned the British Government for money. Later he tried to incite rebellion in India, but this, too, proved unsuccessful, and he died, leaving his family but poorly provided for. The State, largely at the instance of Queen Victoria, who always showed them great favour, settled an allowance upon his sons and daughters. Prince Victor, the Maharajah's elder son, married Lord Coventry's daughter, and was accorded signal rights of precedence by Queen Victoria. The daughters, who are English in everything but colour, live quietly in London, and have but a tourist's knowledge of India. They employ only English servants, and never wear—do not, in fact, possess—native costume.

* * *

The King's Host

Lord Iveagh is a sportsman in spirit rather than in the body. He neither hunts nor shoots, yet better sport than that to be had at Elvedon is not to be obtained in the three kingdoms. Himself a shining light of the "Beerage," he married his cousin, daughter

Princess of Wales Lady Evelyn Cavendish Lady Mount Stephen Lady Craven

Some Members of the House Party at Brocket Hall, Herts, the Seat of Lord Mount Stephen

Our New "British" Landlord

of another beer magnate, and both he and Lady Iveagh cherish an ever-growing passion for yachting. Their three popular sons have married, two into the Peerage, one into the Baronetage, and their partnership in the great industry which is the source of the paternal wealth is somnolent rather than active. The future Lord Iveagh commands the London Division of the Royal Naval Reserve, and has for flagship the good ship *Buzzard*, so decoratively anchored off the Temple. Though vast and judicious charity earned for Lord Iveagh his peerage, both he and Lady Iveagh are notoriously hospitable. Luxury and Elvedon are synonymous terms. For the least important of their entertainments they spend a small fortune on flowers alone, and Lady Iveagh's jewels would ransom many a kinglet.

* * *

Another Merchant Prince

Brocket Hall, where the Prince of Wales did such good shooting recently, is only a short drive from historic Hatfield. The house seems marked out as the home of the strenuous worker, for here Lord Melbourne lived and died, here Lord Palmerston made an end, and here to-day

Mr. Jas. J. Van Alen

The latest American addition to the ranks of British landlords. He has taken Rushton Hall, which he is restoring in the most lavish manner

Photos *Alman*

Miss Van Alen

Daughter of Mr. J. J. Van Alen, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Wm. Astor. She was presented last year

lives one of the hardest workers of his time — the sometime head of the Canadian Pacific, herd-boy, draper's apprentice, wool merchant, and banker, Lord Mount Stephen. Lady Mount Stephen is one of the Princess of Wales's oldest friends. As Miss Gian Tufnell, the daughter of a distinguished naval officer, Lady Mount Stephen was lady-in-waiting and favourite companion of the late Duchess of Teck. It was at Brocket Hall, Lord Mount Stephen's stiff and stately seat on the Lea, that Prince Alexander of Teck and his bride, Princess Alice of Albany, spent their honeymoon.

* * *

Fellow-Guests with Royalty

Mr. and Lady Evelyn Cavendish and Lord and Lady Lichfield were included in the Brocket house-party. Lord Lichfield is still—spite of his tall cricketing sons, one of whom so distinguished himself in the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's last summer—a first-rate bat. He takes no interest in politics. Like the Lyttletons, the Ansons are renowned for sport and beauty, and are dubbed at times the "'andy, 'andsome Ansons." As for Mr. Cavendish, he grows

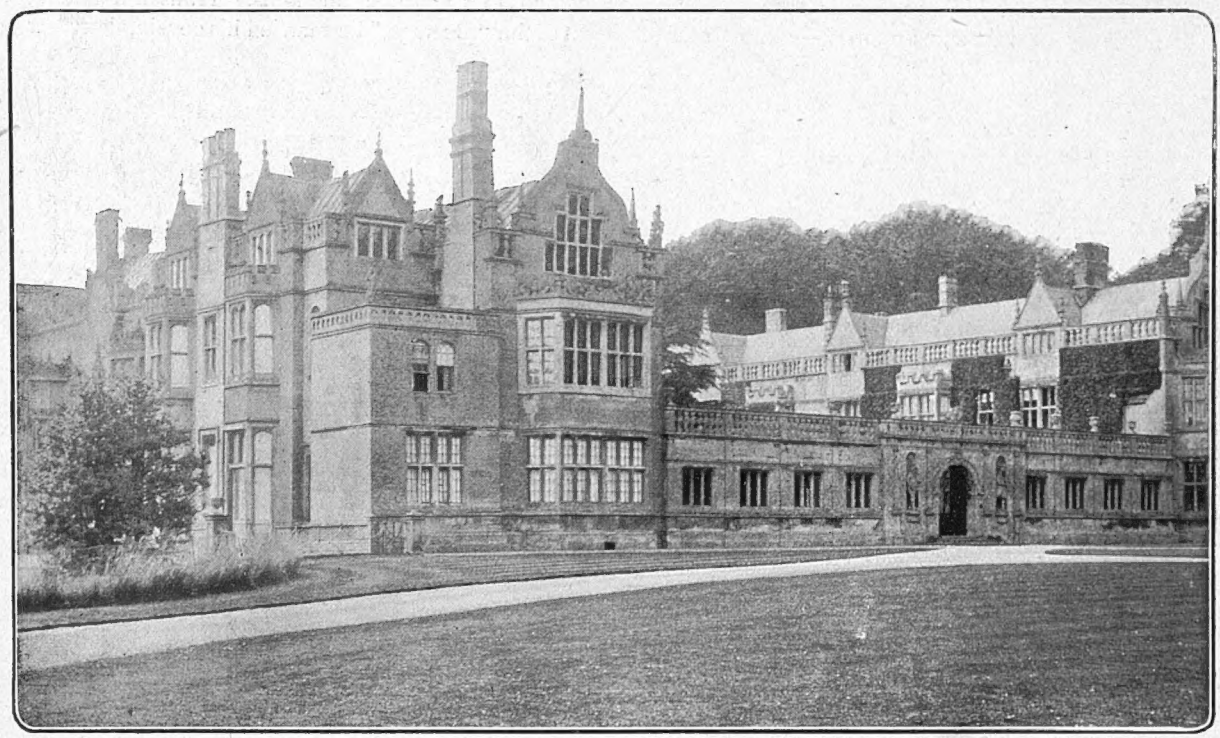
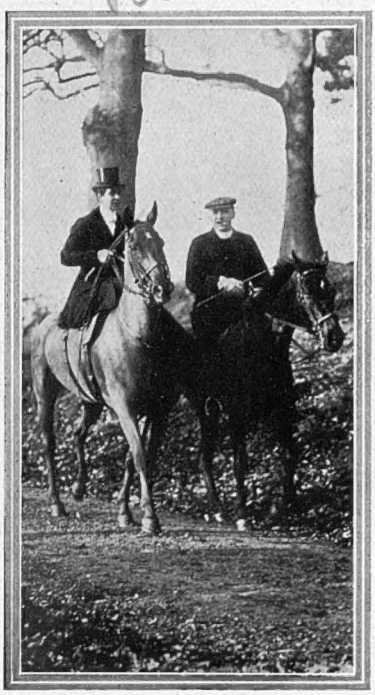


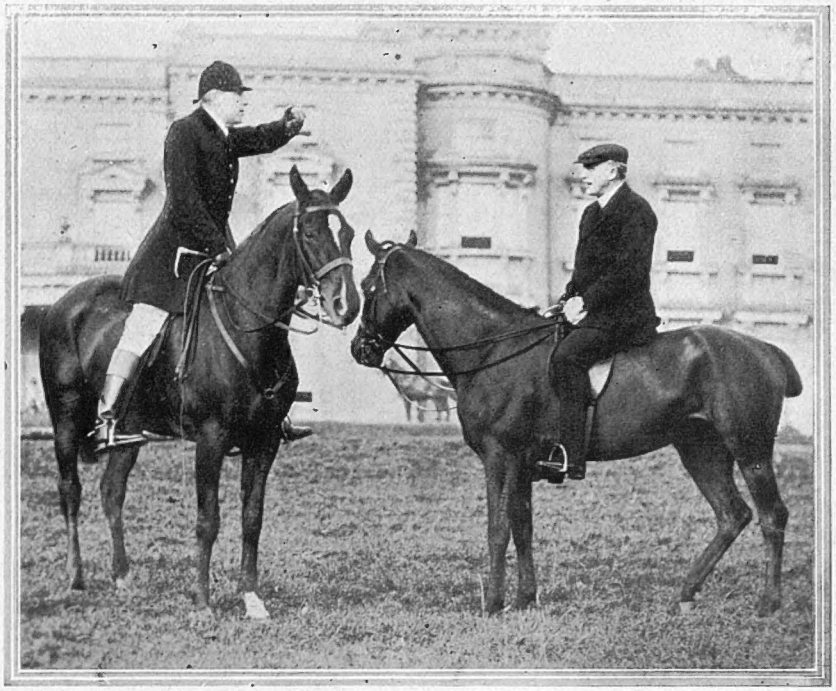
Photo *Kirby*

Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire

Purchased by Mr. J. J. Van Alen, the American millionaire, and now being renovated in the most lavish fashion for entertainment on a princely scale

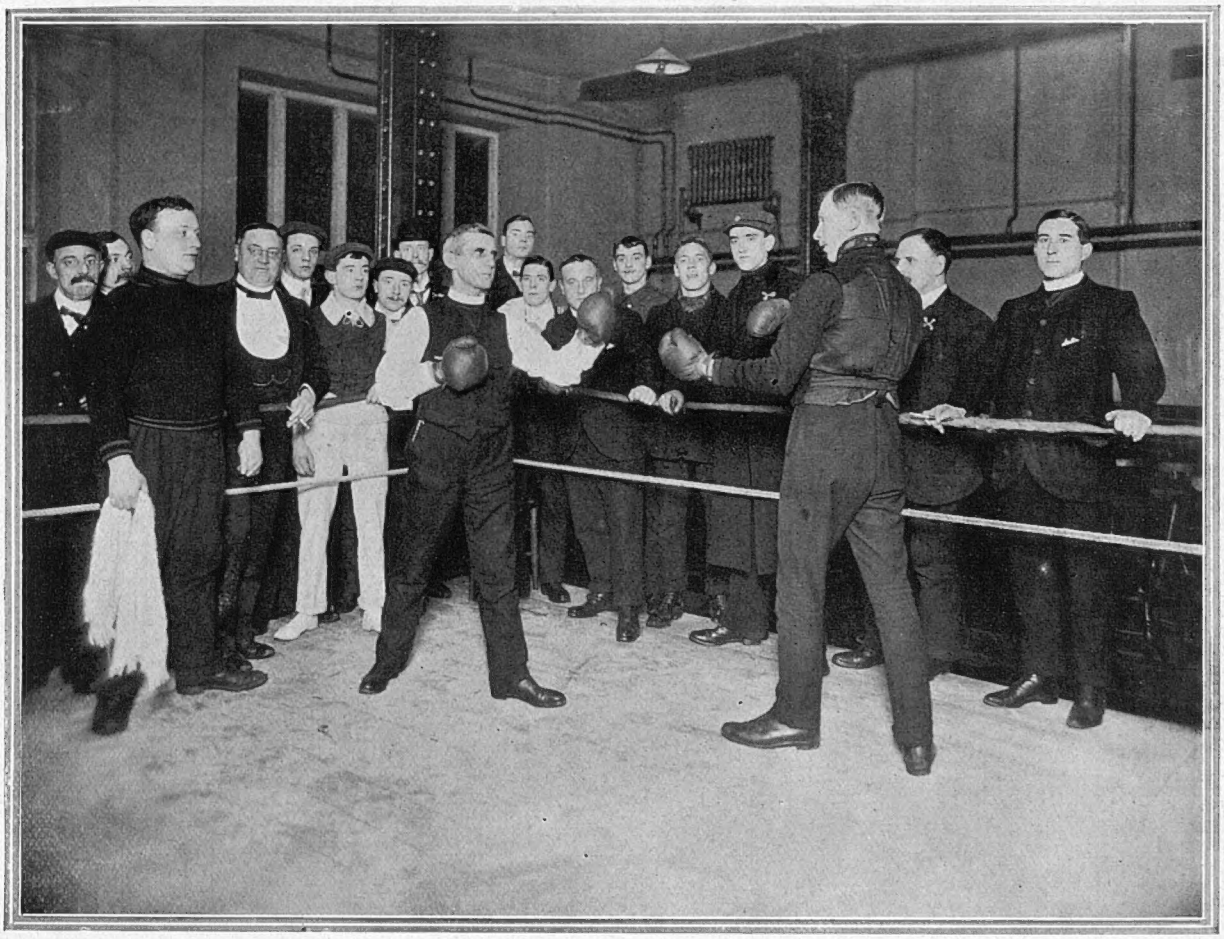
Sporting Parsons, Assorted





A Clerical Follower of the Warwickshire Hounds: (1) With Lady Willoughby de Broke. (2) An argument with Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Master

The reign of the "squarson," whose interest in the cure of souls was a very secondary consideration to his interest in the delights of the chase, has long since passed. That, however, the rôles of parish priest and sportsman are not entirely incompatible when kept in a proper relation the one to the other, is exemplified in several parts of the country, where hunts number many parsons among the keenest of their followers, a few packs even having clerical M.F.H.'s



Photo] **The "Fighting Parson" of Islington: Father Preedy instructs one of his congregation in the noble art** *[Bolak*

Muscular Christianity in a very definite form is preached in Islington by Father Preedy, where, for some time past, he has been working among the roughest of the rough. His parishioners mostly belong to the coster class, and he has endeared himself to them all by his ability of hitting straight from the shoulder, not only when in the pulpit, but also when he has donned the gloves. What Dolling was to Landport, Father Preedy is becoming to Islington, for unorthodox as his methods are, they are only a means to an end, and have been proved to be the most successful in dealing with the class among whom he labours

Outrageous Fortune!

A POPULAR ACTRESS WHO HAS SUFFERED ITS SLINGS AND ARROWS

Miss May Yohe in Private Dress

Photos *Ellis and Walery*

MISS MAY YOHE AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

In the 'nineties Miss May Yohe was one of the most popular of light opera actresses, having started the coon-song vogue with "Oh Honey, Ma Honey," in *Little Christopher Columbus*, and enjoyed great vogue as "The Lady Slavey." Miss Yohe has now abandoned the lyrical stage for the "Halls." Three years ago she sang at the Tivoli, but is now appearing at houses of lesser standing. Sacramento, Cal., is the latest place she has visited, but the hall at which she appeared was one of the humblest. Miss Yohe married firstly Lord Francis Hope, and secondly Major Strong

The Vivian Divorce Suit

daily more like his uncle, the Duke of Devonshire. He has the same long, serious face, the same impassive expression, the same sleepy, full-lidded eyes and ponderous figure.

* * *

A Fallen Star

To those among us not content to stand stationary at the dead levels of life, Fate deals strange blows. To avoid pain one must avoid the heights, for the fall therefrom is terrible. Miss May Yohe, ex-musical-comedy star and ex-duchess-presumptive, is, to earn her daily bread, reduced almost to the lowest depths. She is now giving nightly a song and dance turn in a cheap music-hall in Sacramento, California. In the early 'nineties, rather pretty, beautifully made, and possessed of two most valuable assets, a fine voice and unlimited assurance, May Yohe came to London, and in a very short time had won front place in a musical-comedy chorus. In *Little Christopher Columbus* her singing of "Oh, honey, ma honey," took the town by storm, and brought to her feet one of the greatest *partis* of the day, Lord Francis Hope, brother and heir of the Duke of Newcastle, the owner of a vast, but already half-dissipated fortune, and of Deepdene.

* * *

Love, Marriage, and Divorce

Their marriage took place quietly at a suburban registry office in 1894. Already Lord Francis had been a bankrupt, but a year after the marriage his remaining wealth, his lands, the famous Hope diamond, and all his pictures and heirlooms were frittered away by the combined efforts of the young couple. Pecuniary troubles, however, embarrassed the two but slightly. A future Duke and Duchess can always beg or borrow, and they did. In 1900 they made a tour of the world, and on their way home fell in with Captain Bradlee Strong, at that time one of the handsomest and most popular men in the United States Army, and a special favourite with President McKinley. The actress fell head over ears in love with him. She refused to return to England with Lord Francis, and, after he had divorced her, married the Captain in San Francisco.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Vivian

Recently divorced by her husband, Lord Vivian. The co-respondent was Mr. Alfred Curphey, of the Isle of Man

Photo *Rita Martin*

Mrs. McCalmont, Mother of Lady Vivian

Very well known in Society, and extremely rich. A new portrait

The Second Marriage

The second marriage turned out even more disastrously than the first. The pair quarrelled from the beginning, and there was never any money. The woman had renounced the certainty of becoming a duchess for the man, and the man had renounced family, fame, and friends for the woman. Only a very great and very unselfish love could have survived all that, and theirs was neither. In 1902, Mrs. Strong announced to the newspapers that her husband had decamped with £20,000 worth of her jewellery. A few days later, Captain Strong arrived in London, heard with surprise, and denied with disgust, his wife's preposterous story. She followed him to London, and a sort of reconciliation was effected.

* * *

The Return to the Stage

On their return to America the two went on the music-hall stage together. But May Yohe's star had long since waned, the public taste had altered, and the gallant Captain was not a histrionic genius. Very soon he, too, became bankrupt, and in 1905 sued for, and obtained, a divorce from the woman who had caused his downfall. For a time May Yohe was forgotten, but a year ago it was announced that she had married a Mr. Newton Brown, a friend of her childhood, and described by his bride as "still the same lovely boy."

* * *

The Vivian Divorce

The Isle of Man, which provided Mr. Hall Caine with his "Glory," has now provided Society with that other necessary adjunct to the life distinguished—a co-respondent. Mr. A. G. Curphey, of Ballamoar, for whom Lady Vivian has left her husband, is a very rich man, who spends his winters in Cairo and his summers in the Isle of Man, a paradise in which, the general idea seems to have been, Mr. Hall Caine resided, alone with his "Glory." Mr. Curphey is, however, already so much of a public man in the island that he and Lady Vivian were among the leading exhibitors at the recent Manx Canine Show, and a movement is already on foot to ask him to stand as a candidate for Ramsey in the House of Keys. Mr. Curphe,

Live Christmas "Crackers": The Ducal Burglary

by the way, is a director of the Egypt Mail Steamship Company, of which Lord Armstrong is chairman, and both these gentlemen were passengers on the ss. *Heliopolis* on her recent trial run.

* * *

Lord Vivian

Lord Vivian, in appearance tall, dark, slight, and typically a Cornishman, succeeded to the title when he was only fifteen. His father, a distinguished diplomatist, died while fulfilling his duties as Ambassador in Rome. The present Lord Vivian was severely wounded at Magersfontein. He has been married less than four years, and has two children, a son and daughter, both of whom have been for some months in the charge of Mrs. McCalmont, Lady Vivian's widowed and wealthy mother.

castle, fifteen miles away, is fitted. He returns home, and, on that same night, for a "joke," his fellow-guests under the ducal roof burgle his house, remove his famous Southdown racing cup, make free with his cigars, knock to pieces one of his wrought-iron gates, and, incidentally, take an unwarrantable rise out of the Marquis and the country-side, not to speak of the police

* * *

"Funny?"

The Duchess of Westminster, of course, is maternally descended from a family to whom the joke practical is almost a necessary part of life. Her mother, Mrs. Cornwallis West, was devoted to the pastime, and I remember well a certain yacht, on

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Christmas in Town: The Duchess of Marlborough entering her motor brougham in Curzon Street

Her Grace spent the Christmas holidays in Town with her two children at Sunderland House

Christmas in Cheshire

Christmas in Cheshire is of the good old kind. Conviviality runs rampant. Spirits soar uproariously. The flowing bowl flows freely. The fun flies fast and furious, and the jokes are of that truly "smart" variety—the practical—without which element no self-respecting house-party would be complete. The latest and quite the most enterprising thing in "rags" is chiefly remarkable for its overwhelmingly bad taste. The Marquis of Cholmondeley, with the Marchioness, dines on Christmas Day with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who are in deep mourning for the late Lord Chesham, at Eaton Hall. At dinner the question of burglars is discussed, and Lord Cholmondeley tempts Fate, perhaps unduly, by declaring that, for his part, he defies the cleverest "Raffles" to outwit the burglar-alarms with which his board of which all the officers went in terror of her "jokes," and buttered door-handles, treacled chairs, and apple-pie-beds were the approved order of the day—and night. Unfortunately, the victims of these little amenities seldom properly appreciate them. Their exquisite humour appeals in full force only to the perpetrators. Fortunately, nothing more serious than wide-spread annoyance marked the sequel. But it might easily have been less amusing. A shot in the dark, for instance, is not so very funny, and a night in Chester Gaol, unsustained by the witching "Widow," might not have proved exactly comfortable.

* * *

More Compliments

Really, we should feel flattered. Scarcely a week passes but some American millionaire or 'airess takes up permanent abode in one or other of our right

Laid to His Rest

KING GUSTAV FOLLOWS HIS FATHER TO THE GRAVE

Photo *Blomberg*

The Procession along the Snow-covered Quays of Stockholm

The burial of King Oscar was attended by great ceremonial, and was an impressive spectacle. The body was borne through the snows, followed by the King and Royal family, and the long line of Princes, soldiers, sailors, Statesmen, and foreign representatives was a scene never to be forgotten, Stockholm in winter being a city remarkably well suited for stately pageantry

Winston's "Royal Escort" at Nairobi

little, tight little islands. Over in Ireland a Yankee railway king reigns in the stead of all the Montagus. In England and Scotland half our historic houses are owned by Americans or maintained by American money. Mr. van Alen, familiarly known as "Jimmy," is the latest addition to our American British landowners. His magnificent house in Northamptonshire, Rushton Hall, is being decorated all through in early English style, and Mr. van Alen, I am told, is paying cash down. Every dealer in the antique in the kingdom knows he is furnishing. And every dealer in the kingdom, to lapse into the vernacular, sees him coming. Mr. van Alen is a widower. His wife was a Miss Astor, and, therefore, rich. His only son and his wife are prominent members of the American colony in Pau. Miss van Alen kept her father's house for him for some time. It was only last year, however, that her presentation at Court took place.

Photo *Bolak*

In Honour of the First Anglo-Jap

The statue in Tokio of Will Adams (*not* of the Battle of Waterloo). Adams was the first Englishman to settle in Japan, and his services to civilisation in that country are honoured to this day. The fund for the restoration of his tomb has been collected by prominent Japs, and subscriptions are being invited from Britons

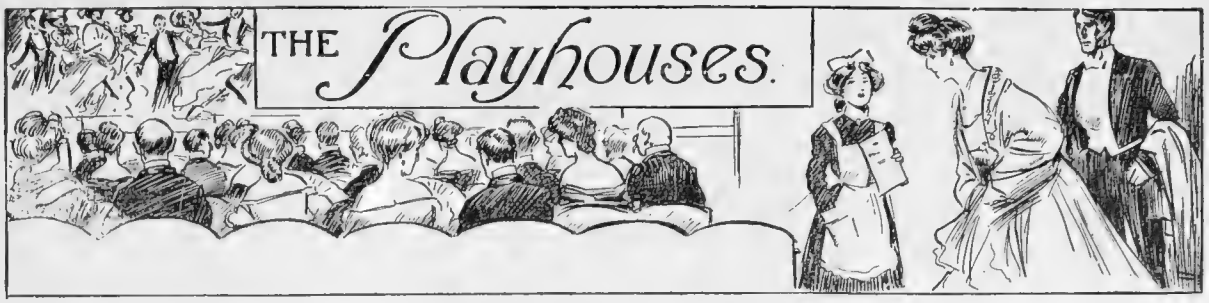
Mr. Churchill at Nairobi

An interesting description of a species of triumphal march made by Mr. Winston Churchill at Nairobi reaches me from a correspondent who is a member of the British East African Frontiersmen, Nairobi Corps. I quote his letter below :—

We had to form an escort for Winston the other day (he writes). Mounts were very various, some awful brutes, but thanks to turning up early I got a wiry South African pony which had evidently played the game before, and did not mind military music or the yells of the populace. Winston was late, unlike Royalty, and we had to stand in the sun for nearly an hour. At last he arrived, and I could not help thinking he looked not a bit astonished at his reception ; certainly, we couldn't have made more fuss for Royalty. His carriage went off quickly along a road lined with masses of niggers and Indians, black police, and Masai warriors. These men looked fine, with their long bright spears, black and white ox-hide shields and enormous head-dresses—some of ostrich feathers, some of manes of lions. We had a ride of nearly two miles through Nairobi, which was gaily decorated and full of running, yelling niggers, up to Government House, where Winston interviewed one commander and made some sweetly complimentary remarks. We then rode back into the town, very hot and with mouths full of choking white dust—and didn't that pint of lager taste good !

Photo *H. F. P. Battersby*

Mr. Churchill's Escort at Nairobi : The British East African Frontiersmen, who provided the Under-Secretary with almost regal honours during his progress through the Settlement



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DRURY LANE

"The Babes in the Wood"

WANTED: A LIBRETTIST. — This notice should be hung outside every theatre in London which provides light lyrical fare for the British public. A visit to the Drury Lane pantomime brings home to one the crying need of managers for the services of a gentleman who has the happy knack of writing "books" for musical comedy and pantomime. If there are any potential Gilberts, let them "knock at the doors" of theatres and demand a hearing. I feel convinced that they would have a brighter prospect of the knock being answered than Mr. Alfred Sutro, who told us that he had to wait eleven years before the magic doors were opened. Sir William S. Gilbert must at times feel very lonely. There is not a man of his own profession with whom he can crack a joke. Authors can hob-nob with authors, artists with artists, even a genius can rub shoulders with one of his own kind, but poor Gilbert, the "book"-maker, is desperately and awfully alone. There is no reason why a pantomime "book" should not be as fanciful, as witty, as entertaining as a comic opera libretto, if only one would arise who could write one. Mr. Arthur Collins is one of the most astute managers of the day. He can mount a production and choose a cast as well as anyone. When you begin to feel that he has got into a groove, he suddenly springs out of it and heads off in an entirely fresh direction. But it is up to him, as Americans say, to find a librettist for his pantomimes.

The "book" of the new pantomime is no worse than previous books—but it is no better. It used to be a commonplace of criticism to write that Mr. Arthur Collins had achieved the miracle of surpassing previous productions which themselves were unsurpassable. I hope one day to write this paradox about the Drury Lane pantomime "books." But the time is not yet.

Mr. Arthur Collins evidently has done his best. He has engaged Messrs. Arthur Wimperis, Bertrand Davis, and Eustace Ponsonby to supplement the work of himself and of his co-author, Mr. Hickory Wood.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A Would-be Joan of Arc of Industry: The final incident in "The Agitator," the curtain-raiser at the Hicks Theatre

The Agitator is Kitty Kemp, otherwise "Pickles," who heads a strike of girls in the jam and pickle factory in which she is employed. The rank and file soon want to give up the fight, but their leader will not allow them to do so. When Jim McLean (Mr. Vernon Davidson), the son of the head of the firm, pays her a visit and tries to argue her out of her position, she refuses to be moved, and talks about becoming a modern Joan of Arc for her cause. Finally, she attempts to commit suicide, with the result that McLean, in the name of the firm, grants the agitator all her demands. The part of "Pickles" is excellently played by Miss Marjorie Murray, a new but promising actress

But these five gentlemen have not succeeded in writing a "book" that is funny. The comedians work very hard, but even artists like Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Neil Kenyon, and Mr. Lennox Pawle, must find it hard work to make the people laugh with the situations and dialogue provided for them. Mr. Harry Fragson gave me the impression that something was on his mind. Could it have been his rôle?

The rough-and-tumble business, which is always such a delight to the children, was worked with great effect by Messrs. Drew and Alders, as Cheerful Charles and Dismal Dick. Their mock duel is of a kind to draw tears of merriment from those who are fortunate enough to be moved by outrageous burlesque. To describe the mounting of the pantomime is to make use of superlatives. A synopsis of the scenery, from the Parsley Beds by way of ye old village, the Harvest Home and the woodland retreat of Robin Hood and his merry men, to the Garden of Life and Light, is but the bald statement of one beautiful stage picture after another. No pen can do them justice.

As for the music, Mr. "Jimmy" Glover has selected and composed it to excellent purpose. The incidental music and the numbers which fall to Miss Agnes Fraser, to Miss Meredith Meredro, to Miss Madge Vincent are upon the plane of comic opera rather than pantomime. And through the whole production trips the enchanting Miss Marie George. She bubbles over with merriment. She gives out the spirit of fun with every twinkle of her eyes, with every smile, with every movement of her little hands and feet. She is an artist who need not bother her head about the "book." She carries her own comedy about with her. Her companion babe, Mr. Walter Passmore, will be funnier as time goes on. When he has worked up the part he will be able to drop from time to time his "cry-baby" expression. It is apt at present to become monotonous. And whom do the children like best after the Babes? Why the giants, I'll warrant you. For the full-dress rehearsal of the pantomime it is the kindly custom of Mr. Arthur Collins to open his doors to the poor children of the neighbourhood. They come in troops. They hang out of the boxes at angles which seem to defy gravity. The pit becomes a sea, with ripples made by the children as they instinctively bob to their feet when the ecstasy of the spectacle becomes too much for them. The very tall people begin to tread their stately measure. The children shriek. Across the stage, down the centre, marches the procession. At every completed evolution the procession is reinforced by taller and taller and yet taller members of the Giant family. The children's shrieks rise in crescendo. "There can't be a taller one! Yes, here he comes." Another and another, until the last comer almost strikes the flies with his head and is rather wobbly about the stilts —I mean the legs. Truly, after the Babes, the Giants are favourites.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Daisy Irving

At present playing the Fairy Queen in *Dick Whittington* at the Camden Theatre

LYCEUM THEATRE

"Robinson Crusoe"

There seems to be no end to the marvels which Messrs. Smith and Carpenter can accomplish. Every venture they touch is a success. When they announced a pantomime one said to oneself, "Of course it will be a go." It is a "go." It is provincial and funny, as opposed to London and spectacular. The travelled pantomime-goer will appreciate this criticism. How often has he held his sides with laughter at a pantomime in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Glasgow. How seldom is it his lot to be amused by a London pantomime. Impressed—yes. Amused—no.

The principal fun-maker of the Lyceum production is Mr. George Le Clerq. He is a little man dowered by the gods with a big talent —the talent of being funny. A thousand other little men might speak the same dialogue with the same gestures, and yet not be funny. He has a trick with his "h's" which is not new. He emphasises them after the fashion of one in constant dread of dropping them. He is droll and ludicrous, and a great acquisition to the pantomime. There are many other clever people in the cast of this old-fashioned but delectable pantomime. There is Miss Ouida Macdermott, whose success was immediate. She impersonated the dusky Princess Arawanha, and had barely got through the first verse of a song when she had established a magnetic communication between herself and her audience. She throws herself into her work, and gets every ounce of effect out of it. She is full of fire and verve. Then there is Miss Sybil Arundale, capital singer, dancer, and actress, whom I hope to see recovered from her indisposition, and able to take up again the rôle of the fascinating Polly Hopkins. E. C. S.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS

The thought of a circus is ever alluring not only to the young, but also to staid and mature mortals. There is no doubt, then, but that M. Beketow's Russian Circus, now "at home" daily, at two and eight, at Hengler's Circus, Argyll Street, W., will be a success. The equestrianism and the acrobats are of the cleverest and the clowns of the funniest, though the latter might with advantage refrain from one or two items in their performance. Most attractive of all is the little pantomime, *Pierrot in Fairyland*. This is admirably acted by children for children, and into the pretty story are woven scenes from many of the favourite fairy tales and nursery rhymes. The difficulties of staging are admirably overcome, and the music and words of the piece are both clever and taking. H. P.

Babes in the Wood at Drury Lane

MR J.M GLOVER AS "JIMMY"

MISS MARIE GEORGE as CISSIE.

MR WALTER PASSMORE as REGGIE.

MISS MEREDITH MEREDRO as the Haughty LORD HUGO.

MISS AGNES ERAZER as ROBIN HOOD.

DREW and ALDERS as the Wicked ROBBERS.

MR NEIL KENYON as the BARONESS.

MR LENNOX PAWLE as the BARON.

Charles Sykes.

MR JOHNNY DANVERS as GRIST.

MR HARRY FRAGSON as the GOVERNESS, in disguise.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES AT DRURY LANE

"Angela" at the Comedy

DICK EVESHAM (*Mr. Allan Aynesworth*) to ANGELA (*Miss Marie Tempest*): "You would have to let me draw you to me and whisper in your ear—but so softly that no one else would hear"

ANGELA (*Miss Marie Tempest*) to MRS. PEMBRIDGE (*Miss Lillah McCarthy*): "You know it's not a habit"

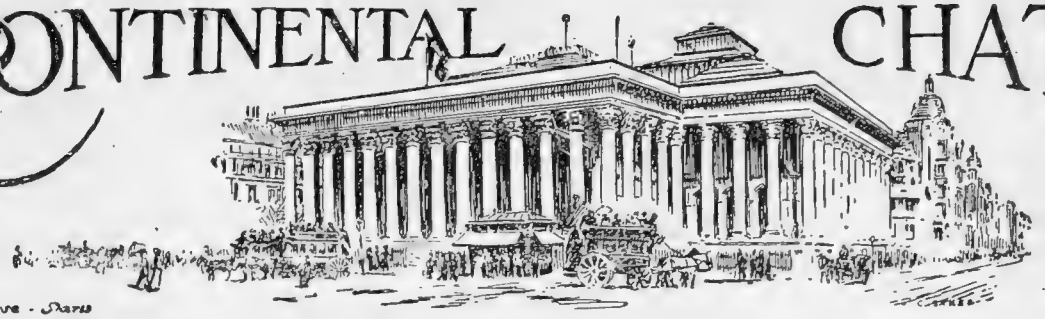
Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Left to right: Mr. Ernest Cosham (*Mr. Bowwych*), Mr. Morris (*Mr. Kitson, sen.*), Mr. D. Calthrop (*Maurice Keating, the bridegroom*), Mr. Harry Gerrish (*Nattinson*) Miss Ethel Graham (*Clare, the bride*), Miss Reynolds (*Miss Gubbins*), Miss Gladys Leslie (*Miss Mortimer*), Miss Marie Tempest (*Angela*), Mr. Allan Aynesworth (*Richard Evesham*)

ANGELA: "I drink to the health of the bride"

The chief theme of *Angela* is the old one of two people who, without having seen one another, have their marriage arranged by scheming relations. They meet on a railway journey, and voluntarily become engaged during a wait at the Station Hotel, Mackborough, owing to a breakdown on the line. Quite irrelevant to the story, but nevertheless being the subject of one of the most pleasing incidents, is the intrusion upon the couple of a big middle-class wedding party, and Angela's and Dick's participation in their merrymakings. Miss Marie Tempest is, of course, inimitable in her rôle of the impulsive, warm-hearted Angela

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Paris and "Mme. Leopold"

Parisian society is much interested in the King of the Belgians' morganatic marriage, but in Paris his actions are by no means viewed with the same leniency as in Brussels. For some time past all kinds of impossible stories have been spread abroad concerning this extraordinary *ménage*, and several of the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain have suggested that someone should politely hint to King Leopold that he and his wife should make their home elsewhere. It is not exactly diplomatic, either, for a King to bring his uncrowned Queen to live in the neighbourhood of Paris, where her origin and career are so well known. The Baronne Vaughan, whom so many people have supposed to be American or English, belongs to a French family (pronounced Vo-gone). Her mother is, or was, what the Belgians call a *Verdurière*, a person in position a little superior to the French costermonger. Mme. Vaughan, although ambitious, never aspired to riches such as have fallen to the lot of the famous "Cleo." In spite of her beauty, she never acquired the same world-wide reputation; but, then, she has barely, at present, weathered the age of thirty. For a woman of her position she is gifted with no small amount of common sense. She has ever an eye to business. The manner in which she has caught and carried off her Royal "prize" is clever, to say the least of it, and has astonished her friends and acquaintances alike. "Mme. Leopold," as Parisians have sarcastically called her, dresses simply, and wears comparatively few jewels. To fur and lace, however, she is particularly partial, so the Royal bridegroom has given her the best that can be bought in Brussels, Paris, and elsewhere. Mme. Leopold has her own victoria, her own brougham, her own Mercédès, and her own hunters, which, as she is unable to ride, are possibly kept for ornament, or in order "to do the thing properly." One of Mme. Leopold's first actions after her marriage was to assure the future of her little son. Opinions differ here as to the exact amount of the dowry laid in little Leopold's (for such is his name) cot. Thirty millions is the figure I have heard mentioned, but this is possibly exaggerated.

Photo *Schuhmann*

H.M. Queen Victoria of Sweden

Consort of the new King Gustav. An invalid, the Queen is not often at Stockholm

* * *

Concerning King Gustav

To say that, in the faculty of Kingship, Gustav V. of Sweden is more deeply versed than was his father before him is decidedly an exaggeration. Unlike many Crown Princes, however, he has several times been able to play the rôle of King before actually reigning, and the example and experience of his great father should not be entirely lost on him. As Crown Prince, King Gustav was ever the most timid of men; nobody will ever know what useless agonies he has forced himself to suffer. And it is this shyness, added to the fact that he is painfully short-sighted, which is, perhaps, the cause of his unpopularity in Sweden. In spite of his great intelligence, he has not inherited his father's powerful pen. He writes what is necessary, and not a word more. He attends such Court functions as are necessary, and the rest of his time is devoted to sport. In spite of his short-sightedness, few have been able to use a racquet with the same skill as he. Let us hope he will wield his sceptre in the same manner.

* * *

Will He Eschew Sport?

Now that Gustav is King, will he, one wonders, have to lay aside the passion of his princely days? Will he go on winning challenge cup after challenge cup and trophy after trophy? Or is that huge collection in the Palace of Stockholm, which he is proud to show to the humblest in the land, now quite complete? Whether the new King of Sweden gives up tennis or not, it is evident he will be unable to devote as much time to sport in all its branches as he did before. If not founder, he is President of nearly every important club in the land.

For years he has been a subscriber to all the principal sporting papers of five different countries. He bought photos of the lawn-tennis champions and treated them almost as heroes, and kept his press-cuttings on the subject with as much care as if they had been documents of State. More than once has he maintained that far too high a place is given to intellect in the world's work, and that, for his part, he had just as much respect for the man who develops his muscles as the man who develops his mind.

* * *

King Gustav and England

Although the present King of Sweden, like his father before him, was also a student at Upsula, his college course was not particularly brilliant. He learnt with very little trouble what he was obliged to learn, and so the college days passed very easily for him. As a youth he was almost as fond of everything English as his father, but since his marriage his tastes have become more and more German.

It is doubtful whether King Gustav will revive his early love of English people and things. English was the late King Oscar's favourite language, the English was his favourite literature, no one was more welcome in his family circle than an Englishman, for whom no cordiality was too great. It must have been gratifying for Princess Margaret of Connaught, a stranger in a strange land, to see with what open arms she was received, especially by her grandfather and the people, who suddenly found themselves deprived of a Queen. The Dowager and the present Queen—of whom I am publishing a photograph—are hardly ever in Sweden, and Princess Ingeborg, who for so long took the social lead in everything, will never again have the place she had in the hearts of the people, for she has the misfortune to be a sister to the Prince who became King of Norway.

* * *

The New Paris Lyceum Club

The Lyceum Club in Paris is enjoying great popularity, for the idea, which is comparatively new here, has caught on. Every day there are fresh demands for membership, and already 500 ladies have been enrolled. The Club, which is run on the same lines as its London namesake, is very much smaller, but is housed in one of the most delightful buildings in Paris. Club life ought to do the Frenchwoman a vast amount of good, and in a short time she will appreciate a "clubable" and hospitable Englishwoman more than ever. At the Paris Lyceum, English comfort is combined with French taste; and Miss Alice Williams, who has superintended the decorations and is responsible for the Club in France, has been generally congratulated on her work. The English members in Paris have not yet quite recovered from their discontent at the non-appearance of the Ambassador at the opening ceremony. Sir Francis Bertie first of all accepted the invitation, and then suddenly declined to patronise a movement which he, above all persons, was expected to support. Count Tornielli, the Italian Ambassador, was present; also the Marquis del Muni (Spanish Ambassador) and Prince Radolin; but the British Ambassador was conspicuous by his absence.

Photo *Manuel*

Trade v. Philanthropy: An interesting action against Baron Henri de Rothschild

The Baron is being sued by the Milk Dealers' Union in Paris on the ground that, under the pretence of a work of philanthropy, he was carrying on illegal competition. The tradespeople are obliged to take out trade patents and pay taxes, which the Baron, as a philanthropist, has escaped. Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is a doctor of medicine, started in the most populous district a philanthropic dairy for the free supply of pure milk to poor people. When the institution became known, a large number of people of position bought the milk, and the Baron has now sixty-eight pure milk depots in Paris. Judgment has been postponed

Ninth Century Meets Twentieth

One of the Oldest of Gateways passed under by one of the Newest of Motors

Though essentially modern in their sympathies, motorists are not, now and again, above acknowledging the services of the ancients towards the æsthetics of automobilism. Very picturesque, for instance, as a photographic background for the occupants of the above up-to-date 38 h. p. Daimler, is the ancient archway through which it is snapshotted passing. It is that of the ancient City of Fuenterrabia, on the west of the Pyrenees, halfway between Biarritz and San Sebastian, which figured so prominently in records of the Roland, Charlemagne's leading knight, who met his death at the hands of the Basques at the Battle of Roncesvilles near by, towards the end of the ninth century

Out With the "White Collars"

A MEET OF THE ATHERSTONE AT ULLERSTHORPE

The Atherstone Hounds, called the "White Collars" on account of the distinctive costume worn by their Master and hunt servants, are about to lose the services of a popular M.F.H., Mr. J. C. Munro, who has expressed his intention of retiring at the end of the present season.

The Grafton Hounds' Meet at Sulgrave: Waiting while hounds draw

With Hounds Last Week

The after days of Christmas in the hunting field are always pleasant when the weather is favourable. Masters of Hounds choose their meets on Boxing Day at places where it is convenient for large crowds to get a glimpse of the scarlet coats and the hounds. It is a great thing to keep up the interest of the people in fox-hunting as far as it can possibly be done, and these popular holiday meets undoubtedly do a great deal towards fostering the love of the chase which is, I think, inherent in the inhabitants of these islands. Another pleasant feature of Christmas-time hunting is to see the boys and girls home from school mounted on their ponies and joining in the glad throng with all the enthusiasm of youth. They are the keenest of the keen, and we must always remember that the sporting schoolboy of to-day is very likely to be the country gentleman of to-morrow, so we must keep his heart in the right place, and encourage his fondness for hounds and hunting. There are one or two old fogies who will vow that the air reeks with the smell of buns at the Christmas meets, and they eye the small Nimrods with a considerable amount of disfavour. But I think that nearly everyone who has the true interests of the sport at heart is glad to welcome the youngsters. There are older enthusiasts whose business does not allow them to go hunting regularly, but are able to get two or three days' sport with the hounds at Christmas. Among them are many born fox-hunters, who know as much about the sport as the constant followers. To see them enjoying their favourite pastime adds to the delights of Yuletide hunting.

The Grafton Hounds: The Master, Mr. Charles McNeill

Some Holiday Meets

I am writing just before Christmas, but it is certain that one of the biggest gatherings of the week will have been the meet of the Quorn Hounds at Melton Mowbray, that noted place in hunting history. In the old days it was customary for the Quorn to meet at Loughborough Market-place on Boxing Day, but this fixture has now been handed over to the Earl of Harrington, who is doing a great service to the Quorn country by

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Meet of the Grafton Hounds at Sulgrave: The field moving off

Under the Mastership of Mr. Charles McNeill, who has the reputation of being one of the best amateur huntsmen in the kingdom the Grafton Hounds are showing excellent sport this season

bringing his hounds from Nottingham to hunt the Charnwood Forest side two days a week, thus allowing Captain Frank Forester to devote all his attention to the cream of the Quorn domains. The Cottesmore, as usual, were at Oakham, and one could expect a great crowd to turn out to welcome Lord Lonsdale, who does not allow the recent burglary at Barleythorpe, annoying though it was, to affect his usual high spirits. Mr. Fernie's hounds were at Great Bowden, and it may here be mentioned that the sport this pack showed during December was something altogether out of the ordinary, and Thatcher's reputation as the natural successor to Tom Firr as the head of the hunting profession is now generally acknowledged. The Duke of Rutland's hounds had their time-honoured fixture at Grantham, and the Blankney Hounds, with Lord Charles Bentinck happily recovered from the effects of his recent accident, were at Sleaford.

Miss Morant

Photos *Topical Agency*

Miss Payne

TWO PROMINENT LADY FOLLOWERS WITH THE NEW FOREST HOUNDS

An Irish Sportswoman

Neatest of riders and keenest of sportswomen, Miss Edith Somerville is a lady of whom Irish sportsmen are proud. She has shown that it is possible for a lady to hunt a pack of foxhounds just as well as a member of the opposite sex can do. True, Miss Somerville is not the only lady Master of Foxhounds now in office, but she and Mrs. Hughes were the first, I think, to show the way. Her earliest experience of hunting was with the old West Carbery Hounds. She began to ride when a tiny mite of five years, and since then has ridden with many of the best packs in England and Ireland. In 1900 she became the honorary secretary of the West Carbery Hounds, and three years later she bought the pack from the Committee to whom they belonged, and succeeded her brother in the Mastership. Very long, and what are usually called "great," runs do not come off in the West Carbery country, but they have remarkably good sport, and last year, though the point was nothing remarkable, they had a run of two hours, leaving off when the shades of night had fallen.

"Top" Leicestershire

In response to diligent inquiry, prompted by a natural thirst for knowledge, we are informed that "Top" Leicestershire is so called, not from any reason connected with its physical conformation or geographical situation, but because in that portion of the Shires the following is always on *top* of the hounds. During Mr. Fernie's enforced absence, for instance, it is understood this peculiarity has been more marked than ever before. In fact, our informant seems regretfully compelled to think, so many apparent paradoxes being strangely true, that they play it low in High Leicestershire. Was it in subtle irony, or unconscious humour, that the most notorious offender in a certain famous country, when hounds threw up their heads the other day, from his point of vantage well in the mids of the puzzled pack, raised an austerely forbidding arm, and shouted in pained accents to those meekly riding on either side or in the rear: "Do hold hard! Can't you see hounds have stopped—and can't you see that I've stopped?"

Of Interest to Lovers of Nature

The Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary is an enterprise which appeals greatly to all lovers of nature and to sportsmen as well. I may remind my readers that the Sanctuary consists of a wood nineteen acres in extent, which comes into the London postal district. About eighty species of birds have been seen in or near the enclosure, while nearly half that number are already known to have been bred within it. It is, I think, a great thing that wild birds can be brought to breed so near to London, and I hope that the Selborne Society, who are the promoters of the Sanctuary, will receive the support of all those who wish to further the study of natural history. For four years those immediately interested in the Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary have, with their own hands, maintained the fences and brought them into a state of greater efficiency, or have contributed towards the wages of temporary watchers. But much more should be done, and the Committee of the Brent Valley Branch of the Selborne Society think that the time has arrived when annual subscriptions might be invited from those who are interested in birds in general, or in those of Greater London in particular. The chief object in view is to appoint a permanent custodian of the Sanctuary, and, no doubt, there are readers of THE BYSTANDER who will be glad to assist the Society. The Honorary Secretary and Treasurer is Mrs. Webb, Odstock, Hanwell, London, W.

A. W. C.

Ireland's Lady M.F.H.

A Meet of the West Carbery Foxhounds at Drishane, Co. Cork: Miss Edith Somerville, the Master, talking to hounds

This keen sportswoman and novelist has hunted the West Carbery country since 1903. She is mounted on her favourite grey mare, Bridget

Fruits of a Mild Winter: Gia

Photo

GIANT RHUBARB GROWING IN TH

Owing to the exceptional mildness of the winter, as experienced up to the present, the vegetation still presents an almost tropical appea
5 ft. and 6 ft. across, and stalks several inches in circu

Exotics of the Cornish Riviera

Bastin

HE OPEN AIR NEAR FALMOUTH

pearance in many parts of the English Riviera. Here may be seen growing that curious exotic, giant rhubarb, a plant with leaves cumference, the latter worthy of a Brobdingnagian pie

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 110

THE INJURED PARTY

By R. RAMSAY

Miss R. Ramsay
The author of this week's Worldly Story

IT was like her, just like her; she was always infernally plucky.

Cadogan acknowledged that with an unwilling admiration as he grasped the full significance of old Heycock's embarrassed hinting, which he did not do until he had heard her laugh. It was good-natured of Heycock, who probably did not enjoy his office, to amble out of the press and break the—surprise to him. But he was not going to bolt. Perhaps if that laugh of hers, that always reminded him of a baby playing with matches, had come upon him suddenly, it might have shaken him.

As it was, he steadied the mare, who seemed to have a notion that something untoward had stricken him, and rode coolly into the crowd.

They were moving on already to Ashby Pastures, a long tail of prattling horsemen, packed like sardines between the confining hedges, with late-comers hurrying up on all sides, falling into the interminable procession. The noise of their trotting carried miles, and the lowering skies hung heavy, threatening rain; the prudent had turned out in last season's kit, strangers and Americans were conspicuous in their unspotted scarlet. The usual mixed lot were out. If you did not choose to run across anybody, there was no occasion to do so on a Friday with the Quorn.

So Cadogan told himself, dropping into his place. He felt safe enough from the awkwardness of having to confront this woman with some sort of a salutation.

Twice he had caught sight of her with a queer shock of recognition, but at a distance. What troubled him most was not her audacity in coming down here so soon, nor the consciousness that a good many of his neighbours took a gossiping joy in the situation, but purely and simply his difficulty in obtaining, beyond the two or three rows of horses splashing close ahead, a cursory glimpse of her.

She used to be just as pale; ill-natured people had called her sallow, not understanding how marvellously her want of colour suited her strange, bronze hair; and she used to ride, trotting, with just that involuntary list sideways — galloping, she sat as straight as a man. And she was wearing the blue habit she had last season; he remembered that he had gone with her to the tailor. Could not the fool in front of him keep his horse's head square a minute?

He knew that bay with the odd white stocking; it was one of Winbolt's crocks. Carry Winbolt, whose large hospitality was proof against any middle-class censoriousness, was probably housing her. He hoped she would not attempt anything extravagant in the way of jumping; she always had been too rash.

They had passed under the glimmering belt of firs, and reached the sharp angle where the road divided, and hounds swung with it to the right, heading straight for the Pastures. The long train followed, trotting smarter, and as the ranks closed up, hastening round the corner, Cadogan saw her plainly. Something in him gave a ridiculous leap at the familiar line of her cheek.

The man at his side spoke to him, and he supposed he had answered rationally till he caught his other neighbour excusing him *sotto voce*, heard the first man's comprehending whistle, and pulled himself together.

There was a fox in the covert, and at the first alarm the huge following scattered abroad, plunging into the rides and clattering down the road in their hundreds, anticipating a break at the bottom end. Cadogan stayed under the sign-post with a few less precipitate, who guessed that their customer would try back and slip across into the young plantation stuffed with larches, man-high and blinding thick. The air was alive with holloas, and the mare danced under him. He was doggedly telling himself that it was in the last degree unlikely he and she would come face to face, and that, anyhow, she should not ruin his day for him, when he saw the bay with the white stocking push out of a ride half-way down the Pastures and come cantering up the road.

They were a big handful loitering at the cross-roads, quite enough for him to stay in ambush among them. Cadogan backed the mare two or three yards into the lane behind him and bent, fumbling with his stirrup. She had gone clean out of his life; it could do him no harm to give way to his mad longing to watch her pass. Still, he set his teeth, denying himself, determined he would not look.

And then the thing happened that broke down his philosophy. The woman on the chestnut who was obscuring him had a kissing acquaintance with her. Probably Alice had ridden up to join her; anyhow, he expected to hear them exchanging speech. What

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Mr. Hawtrey's New Leading Lady

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT (MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER) AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, ANGELA

Miss Beaumont is to be the leading lady in Mr. Hawtrey's new production, *Dear Old Charlie*, at the Vaudeville early in the New Year

(Continued from page 28)

was the matter with her? What! was the woman dumb with intention to Alice's "Good morning"?

Realisation struck him like a blow and drove him to her side. He thrust his way through those devils into the road, putting his body between her and the insolence of that stare.

"How do you do?" he said, lifting his hat ceremoniously. "Come on to the other corner, will you? They're working up."

And he rode on beside her, leaving the others gasping.

At the end of the plantation, she turned to him. For the first time since he had known her, a faint redness stained her cheek; her breath was a little hurried.

"That was rather decent of you," she said.

The anger upholding him lent him courage to face the magnetism of her eyes. Her spirit caught his; they broke together into an irresistible gale of laughter—and the petrified group they had left behind them listened with blank amazement.

"You shouldn't have come," said Cadogan, recovering his senses, but still hot with his fierce impulse of protection. "I understood that you were in Egypt."

"Oh, we're going to Egypt later on," she said carelessly. "I am sorry. Carry said you had sold your horses at Leicester and gone abroad. I wasn't stalking you. What lured me down really was that silly little fence at Baggrave you never would let me jump."

And now she was out of his jurisdiction! Cadogan leaned forward hastily in his saddle.

"Look here, Alice——"

She smiled at him, mysteriously, but not unkindly. Her face was pale again, just as usual, and the sun lit gleams in the bronze rings of her hair tucked under the brim of the riding hat that she always wore off her forehead.

"It's dangerous for you to be seen talking to me," she said. "Don't you know the decree isn't what they call absolute till the day after to-morrow? Don't compromise yourself, George. Good-bye."

But Cadogan stood his ground.

"I don't care," he said. "I'm not going to allow you to be insulted. That brute of a woman! The least I can do is to stick to you and protect you from the rabble."

"You'll astonish the rabble," she said. "You are the last person——!"

Cadogan said nothing as he stooped to unlatch a gate on his left to let her through, while he kept it from swinging shut. Her habit brushed against him as she passed in, and he noticed that she carried her reins with the curb inside, as he had taught her. It was odd how that trifle touched him. He forgot the furious compassion that had driven him to her side, and lost his hold on the bitterness of reality. She was close to him, and for this one blessed moment the world stood still.

The sun, capricious, shone on her head and went in, but he could not see her clearly for the memories dazzling him. The wind rustled in the trees like a hundred foxes. Whimpering, scampering, hounds were hurrying up the wood.

"Do you remember the last time we hunted here?" he said. "Hush! Stand in under the hedge."

A fox ran past right under their horses' heads, and as hounds tumbled out after him, she restrained the bay, waiting instinctively till Cadogan gave the signal. Side by side they started, racing at the heels of the pack.

"Take care," he shouted at the first fence, but he knew she would not. He had never been able to make her ride warily when the ditch was on the other side. As she landed he shook his head at her.

"Don't wander into the plough," he cried. "Let's strike across the road."

And she followed him. They saw the run out like comrades until their fox had vanished into smoke below Gaddesby, and the scattered hundreds were leisurely creeping up. Cadogan's mouth closed hard as he saw the approaching horde; he drew bridle at her side, and his gaze, grimly watchful, crossed her enigmatic smile.

"Don't kill anybody," she said. "Don't discourage your partisans. Carry warned me. She said: 'You know we're not strait-laced, and lots of us adore you; but one or two sit in judgment. They're shocked that you didn't pretend to make a fight for yourself!'"

Cadogan was thrown off his guard by her disdainful frankness, and his gallop had loosed his hold over himself.

"Why on earth," he burst out, "did you drop your defence?"

She looked at him strangely, this woman who had been his.

The huntsman was casting high and low in the rough pastures on the right. His call and the jingle and tramp of horses sounded unnaturally distant to the two going deeper into the lane.

"Oh, I had a hundred reasons," she said. "But since it's all over, and you and I are officially dead to each other—— Do you really want to know, George? How funny. I suppose you thought it wasn't sporting?"

Cadogan looked back, with a choking memory of himself staggering under that wave of jealousy that had carried him off his feet—but hanging on to his last hope, an unlikely, impossible vindication of her that would brand him a wild lunatic and bring him to his knees. He recalled the accursed solemnity of that office, the smirking congratulations of his legal adviser, who had told him with triumph that the case would be undefended. He did not know what he had done to the man. Perhaps he had knocked him down.

"It was rather a blow," he said, slowly. "I should have thought your people——"

"Poor dears, they behaved like Trojans," said Alice, excusing them. She had always had a queer trick of talking carelessly on matters of dreadful import. Somebody had said to him once that Alice's laugh stood to her in place of another woman's tears. Perhaps that was why it hurt him. "The whole clan of them rose up in their wrath to crush you. You were to be cold-shouldered out of your clubs, boycotted on the racecourse; all sorts of terrible things were to be done to you. And, incidentally, I was to be whitewashed publicly from Dan to

(Continued on page 32)

"Scrooge" at the Hippodrome

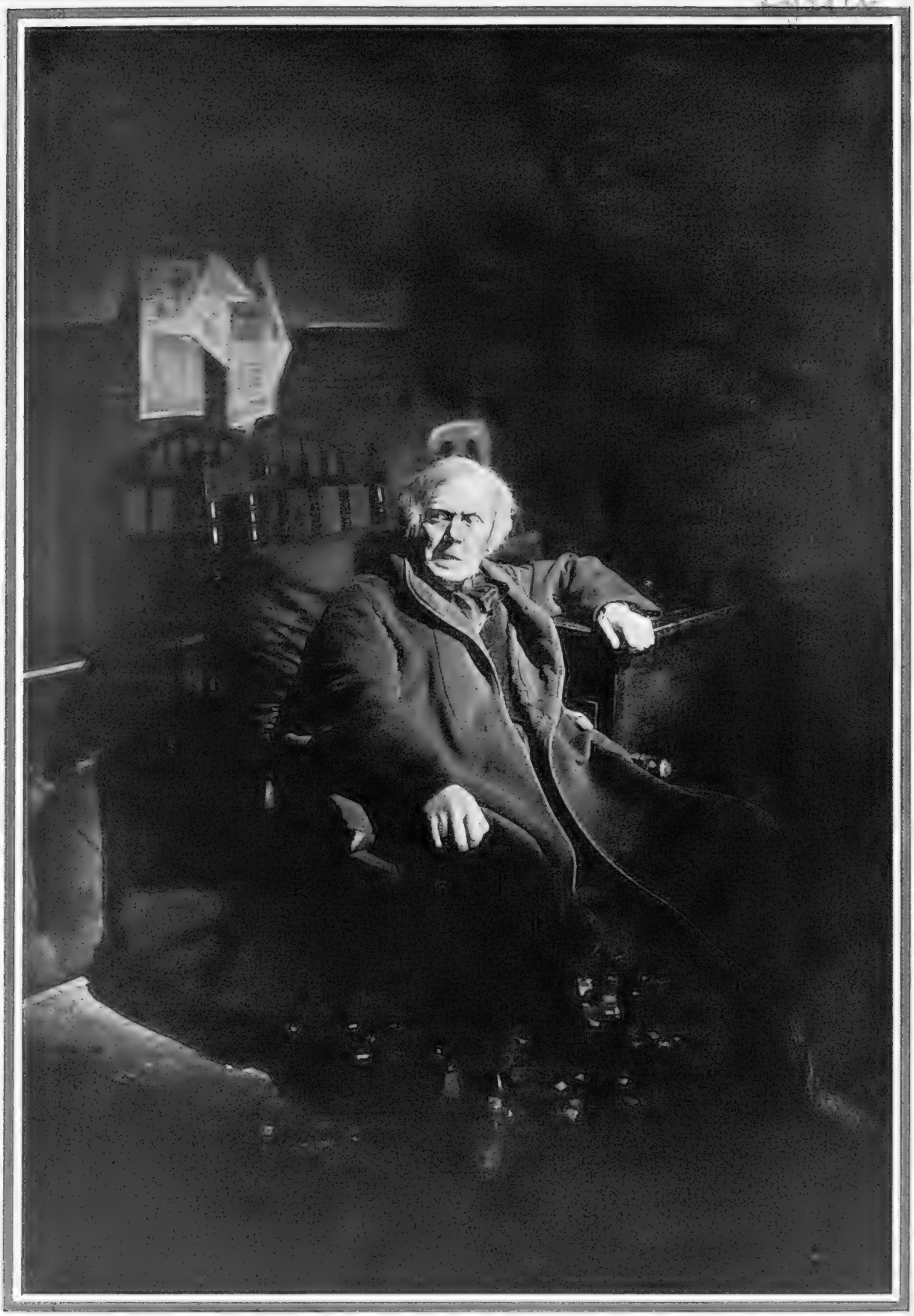


Photo *Campbell-Gray, Ltd.*

Mr. Bransby Williams, who is playing the part of "Scrooge," in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," at the Hippodrome

The version of Dickens' famous "Christmas Carol," which is now being played at the Hippodrome, opens with a snowball fight between a lot of youngsters, who, at Scrooge's appearance, start pelting him. The story is beautifully told, and the character of Scrooge is portrayed as only Mr. Bransby Williams could portray it

(*Continued from page 30*)

Beersheba. They had tremendous consultations, with the Duchess—who always hated you—in the chair. And they wept over me in council."

The bay was fidgeting, anxious to join the horses, whose restless skirmishing he could hear behind the hedge. She held him quiet.

"Am I boring you, George?" she said.

"Go on," said Cadogan, hoarsely. Not for anything, though her words stabbed him, would he have stilled her voice, the dear, dragging voice that nearly banished the blackness of yesterday with its unutterable sweetness.

"Of course, they were awfully shocked," she said. "Some of them thought it was insupportable that a gentleman could oblige his wife to stake her word in open Court against the trumped-up vileness of his servants. I suppose if I'd been a shy woman, I'd have found it insupportable, too. As Aunt Fanny said, 'There's no running away from it. Fancy seeing your disgrace pasted up on the walls of a log cabin in the Antipodes!' The world is such a little, little place, and the newspapers are so uncanny. If I were that sort of woman and stopped to think how, I could never feel safe in its uttermost corner."

Her tone was half amused, half tragic. The man who had done this to her rode on at her side in silence.

"All the same," she said, "it was I who proposed treating the—thing with contempt. And the good creatures were rude to me. They said I didn't know the law. They insinuated that I was fond of you still——"

Cadogan started. The implication sent the blood hammering at the doors of his heart, too long a prisoner to despair. Almighty! If it had been his mistake; if the tragedy had begun through his headlong folly!

"As I told them," Alice went on coolly, "when you haven't cared very much for a man, when you've only married him to please your relations, and he's paid you the cruellest compliment in his power, you're too proud to stoop, to struggle, to shame yourself, worst of all, betraying your agony to keep him. And I said: 'All I want is to get rid of him, and then he can marry that Plungar woman.'"

Cadogan's exclamation startled the horses into commotion. He controlled the mare with an iron grip, though totally unconscious of her plunging.

"What are you saying, Alice?"

She soothed the rampant bay with a perfectly steady hand.

"I'm giving an undeserved explanation."

"Do you mean——" he cried, "that that was why——?"

His trouble must have been nothing to her. Only a woman altogether heartless or blinded by a like despair to his could have laughed at him, could have answered with that unflattering disdain.

"Oh, no," she said, "I submitted. I let them go on with their stupendous plots for confounding you—because they thought I was a little mad, and because it's not nice to be a coward. It was Brooke who stopped it. He walked in on the top of us with his hands in his pockets, and he said, 'I suppose you've considered, Alice, that if you defend this case you'll be tied to that hound for life.'"

. . . . . .

Without warning, the pack streamed suddenly across the way, clamorous in pursuit; and the lane became a pandemonium of reckless jumping. Cadogan struck in mechanically with the rest, bursting through the briars on his right. Far ahead of him he could see the bay with the white stocking, a clumsy fencer but fast. Alice had left him stunned.

He was beginning dimly to realise how fatally he had fallen under the magic of this woman he had branded as false to him. The sight of her had gone to his head; her voice had enchanted him with its ancient music. But could that unforgotten charm explain his passion of remorse? He had cast her out; she who had been so precious he had tried to punish in his arrogant impotence; and the God who was omnipotent had laid him in the dust before his broken idol.

He did not know how much she had meant him to understand, dared not guess what prompted him to push on frantically in her wake. Only, as the pack whirled right-handed, skimming over the ford, he saw that the bay was charging his fences with a diminished ardour, landing with less and less to spare; and a grim sense of the inevitable possessed him. What had she said about that silly little fence at Baggrave that he never would let her jump?

It was like the fulfilment of his expectation when he, straining to catch her up, saw its ragged crest blur the sky-line—and saw the bay go down.

She lay crumpled in the ditch without moving, although the horse staggered on to his legs and waited patiently for her to rise. The man galloping in the distance felt as if he were riding through hell to reach her. He got to her and lifted her, sick with horror; but God had pity—she was not dead.

Cadogan held her closer, with a fierce unconsciousness of anything but the mad idea that only so she was safe. She had been his and he had lost her, and now his heart was thumping under her cheek. The world seemed to be rocking round them both.

And then the rumpled bronze head stirred on his breast. "Put me down, George," she said, in a funny, low, shaken voice. "Don't be so melodramatic."

His arms dropped. He watched her tottering two or three unsteady steps to her horse. The bay stood like a rock, and she leaned against him, looking up at Cadogan, weakly laughing at the anxiousness in his gaze.

"You're hurt," he said, brokenly. "You can't go on. Be a good girl and let me take you home."

"Oh, I know where I am," she faltered. "*Home?* You cannot. There isn't a place within miles of us but your house."

"And God knows," he said, stung by her tone, "it's haunted. There's a ghost in the house—your ghost."

"Ah," she said piteously, as she stood supporting herself by the horse's shoulder. "I didn't know you understood that you had murdered me."

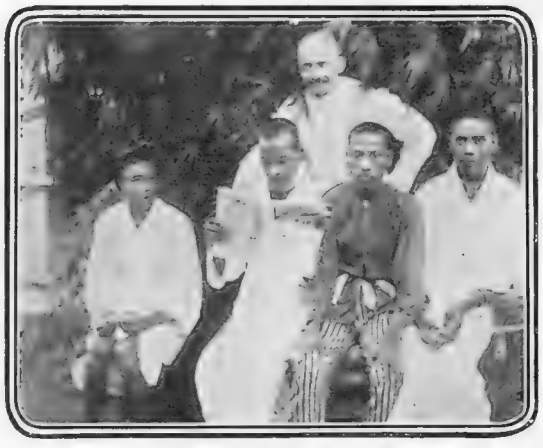
"Alice!" he said under his breath, springing to her; but she threw out her hand to keep him off.

(*Continued on page 34*)

Readers the World Over

Passing a pleasant hour on the Thelum River, Kashmir

The boat, very reminiscent of a Noah's Ark, is called a "dungha," and the native standing at the side is the owner. Kashmir, though comparatively little known to the average traveller, is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Sent by Miss TRAQUAIR. c/o Lieut.-Colonel Winter, R.A.M.C., 74, Cantonments, Bareilly, U.P., India



Rescued after five months in an open boat!

Four survivors of six natives of Wolca, one of the German South Sea Islands, who drifted for five months in a native boat—an outrigger, 24 ft. long—living on fish and rain-water. They were eventually stranded on Formosa, and when the photograph was taken were in charge of the German Consul at Hong Kong, who is standing in the background. Sent by Dr. J. H. SANDERS, Matilda Hospital, Hong Kong

"They won't be happy till they get it!"

A snapshot of midshipmen struggling for a copy of THE BYSTANDER on the main mast and main derrick of H.M.S. *Russell* while off Tetuan. Sent by Mr. H. L. BARRON, R.N., H.M.S. *Russell*

Rival Attractions—Boating or "The Bystander"?

A snapshot on the Woronova River, Como, New South Wales. Sent by P. F. GREEN, Forest Hill, Canterbury, Sydney

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Please go," she said. "I'm all right now—and the rabble will think you're crazy. Just put me up and go. I've had a slight concussion, I think; it's nothing, nothing—don't look like that. Only, you know, when your brain is addled you're not responsible. You talk nonsense."

Cadogan put her up in the saddle without a word. He had let the mare go when he dismounted; the hunt had swept on over the hill, and she had followed it riderless.

"I'll walk at your side," he said.

Her lip quivered. She was still not herself, and the tragic absurdity of his kindness was almost too much for her. It was impossible to look at him. She could only keep her eyes fixed on the way they took; the two or three sheep huddled in the gateway; the spinney on the left, with its ducking rabbits; the trees rising one by one, leafless milestones of this last journey of hers with him. It was not so very far to a village. Could she sit without fainting, without making a fool of herself, so long?

Cadogan spoke at last. His voice made her catch her breath.

"Are you going to marry Brooke?" he said.

Her hand closed unconsciously on the front of the saddle

"Don't you know," she said, "that you have left me nobody in the world but Brooke? All the others have the same look—your look—kind and unkind, pitying and despising; I read my own worthlessness in their eyes. There isn't a soul upon earth who—knows what I am but Brooke. He's the straw that saves me from drowning. And you ask me if I am going to marry Brooke!"

Her voice failed in its imitation of her own recklessness. "I don't know what I'm saying," she said "It's too late—too late. And you'd think I was lying to you——"

"Are you going to marry Brooke?" said Cadogan, stopping dead. The last tree stood out solitary. There was still a gate to be opened and shut, and beyond it passed the high road. An uncontrollable impulse seized her. She had nothing to gain, and nothing more to lose.

"Not," she said, "for all the mud in Egypt!"

He was stumbling to her, hiding his face like a boy in the skirt of her habit.

"Alice," he stammered. "Alice——!"

She touched him softly, smoothing his hair. What madness shook him, this man who had been her husband?

"Good-bye, George," she said, under her breath.

Cadogan raised his head. His wild want of her steadied him.

"You were always brave," he said. "I wonder if you are brave enough—no, no, a man couldn't dare to ask any woman—twice——"

A moment later she collapsed in his arms.

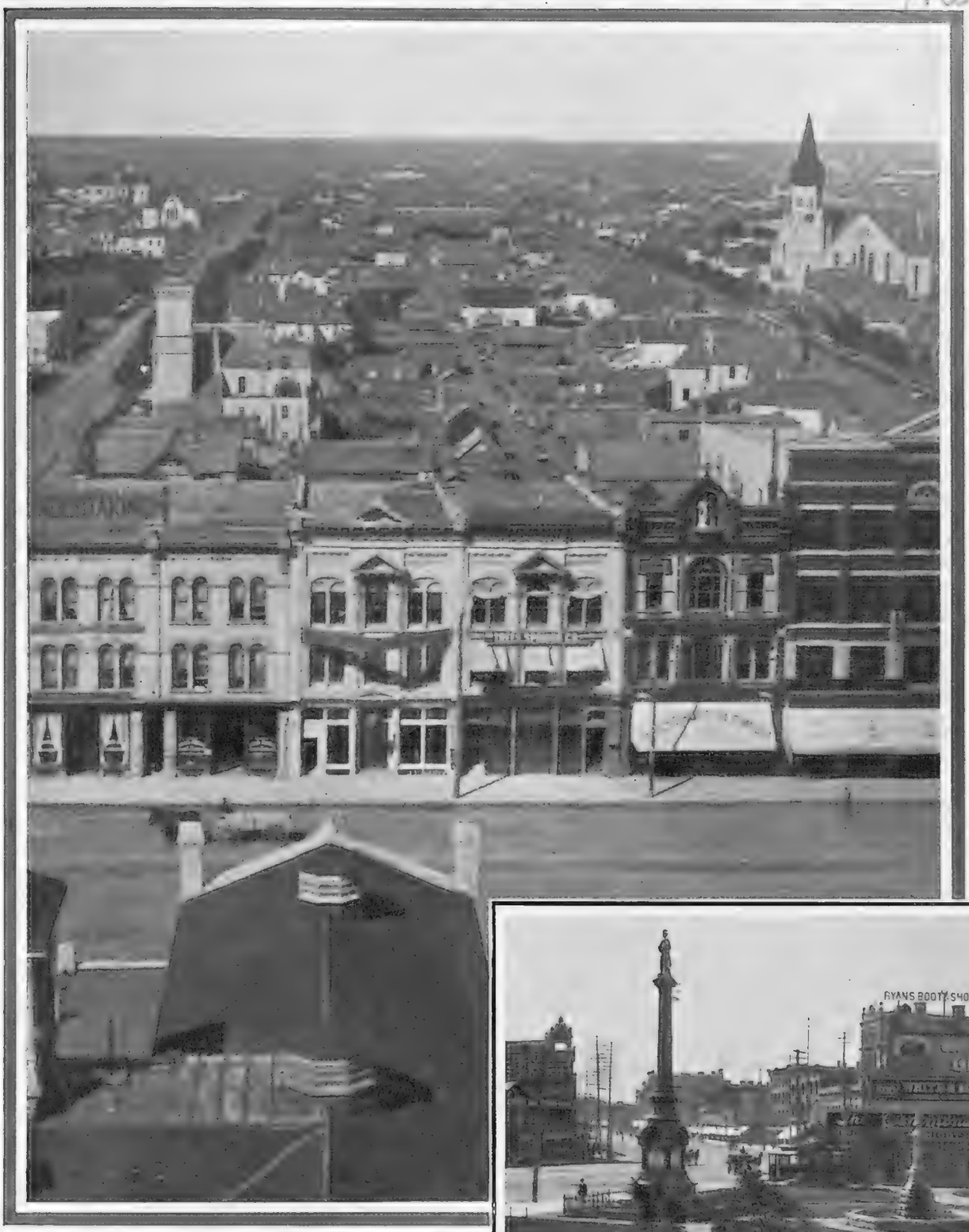
R. Ramsay.

Off Duty

Messrs. E. Norwood, Oscar Asche, A. Bishop, Albert Chevalier, and James Welch enjoy a hand at the new card game, "Spelka"

The Chicago of Canada

WINNIPEG, THE RISING STAR OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST



From Stereographs Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A Bird's-eye View of Winnipeg, looking West

Winnipeg, the metropolis of Western Canada, has grown, in thirty years, from a small fur traders' station of 200 inhabitants into an up-to-date and populous city of over 100,000. In rapidity of growth and prosperity, Winnipeg bids fair to rival Chicago in the dim and distant future. Situated in the midst of an almost immeasurable district of extreme fertility, the capital of Manitoba is now one of the greatest grain-producing centres in the world, the crops of wheat, oats, and barley approaching 115,000,000 bushels per annum

Winnipeg's Trafalgar Square: Looking down Main Street from the Monument in commemoration of the victory over the Indians on the Red River in 1870

RACING NOTIONS

THE BEST AMATEUR JOCKEY. BY CARBINE

Mr. Thursby to Ride in the Derby Again

It has been arranged that Mr. George Thursby shall ride Sir Archibald for his classic engagements during the ensuing season, and I am sure that the majority of racing people will wish "good luck" to this capable amateur rider. It will be remembered that he finished second in the Derby on that extraordinarily unlucky horse, John o' Gaunt, the property of his brother, Sir John Thursby; and two years later he was again second on Picton, belonging to his friend, Mr. Lionel Dugdale. Will he do the trick at the third attempt? Well, it would be unsafe to prophesy at this early date, but we know that Sir Archibald is a really good colt; and in a year in which no three-year-old, with the possible exception of Lesbia, seems to stand out boldly from the rest, it may well be that Mr. Arthur Basset's crack may add his name to the list of classic winners. We cannot overlook the smashing style in which he won the New Stakes at Ascot, and if he can reproduce that fine form next season he will surely want a deal of beating.

The Jockey, Driscoll, after his fall in the Hampton Steeplechase at Kempton Park on Boxing Day

'Chasing at Kempton Park

Mr. A. Stedall is so staunch a supporter of steeplechasing—which would soon be in a flourishing condition if other owners like him could be induced to give practical support—and he so seldom wins out of his turn, that the victory of his horse Kolo at Kempton Park on Boxing Day would have been popular. But there was a far stronger favourite in Capt. Wood's Amersham, whom the Hartigans have made into a very smart performer over hurdles. The confidence in him was justified, as, after a finish stirring enough to make us forget all about the bitter cold, Amersham just beat Kolo and won the race. The Park Steeplechase, on the same day, was practically a duel between the two most successful cross-country stables of the present time—Maher's and Hartigan's. The latter was represented by Pat Cullinan, and Mr. Maher by Ballyhackle. The betting showed that the general opinion was that there was practically nothing between these smart young jumpers, but Ballyhackle proved his superiority in very convincing style. On the following afternoon the same stable brought out another very promising performer in Baeldi, who belongs to Mr. Ludwig Neumann, a notable financier, who has owned some high-class flat-racers, Llangibby, Eager, Clarehaven, Sirenia among them, and he is very welcome to the ranks of steeplechasing owners. But the best horse seen at Kempton Park was Mount Prospect's Fortune, yet another from Mr. Maher's stable. In taking on Timothy Titus he had no light job, and it was a capital race; but the Irish horse won easily.

Selections

Mount Prospect's Fortune is engaged in the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase on Thursday, but here he has to give 14 lb. to **Seisdon Prince**, and I think Coulthwaite's horse will win. On the same afternoon **Extravagance** may secure the Castle Steeplechase, and on Wednesday **Mystical** is my selection for the New Year Hurdle Handicap. At Gatwick on Friday the Reigate Hurdle Race may go to **Goldwin**.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

A Remarkable Photograph of a Double Fall at Kempton Park on Boxing Day

This unique photograph was "snapped" during the course of the Hampton Steeplechase on Boxing Day, two jockeys coming to grief simultaneously. Curiously enough, neither of the horses, Canary II. and Mitchelstown, fell, though their jockeys, Morgan and Driscoll, were severely bruised

How They Spent Christmas!

CROWDSCAPES AT KEMPTON AND WOOLWICH FOR STEEPLECHASING AND "SOCCER"

The Crowd at Kempton for the Steeplechases

"Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind" (as, at Christmastide, thou didst blow), thou wert not so unkind as to deter tens of thousands of Londoners from collecting together in crowds wherever sporting functions were to be seen. While steeplechasing at Kempton called its thousands, football, at Woolwich, Chelsea, Upton Park, etc., etc., called its tens of thousands. A striking "crowdscape"—*i.e.* a study in collective humanity—is furnished in our second photograph, which shows the spectators of the Woolwich *v.* Newcastle United match on Christmas Day

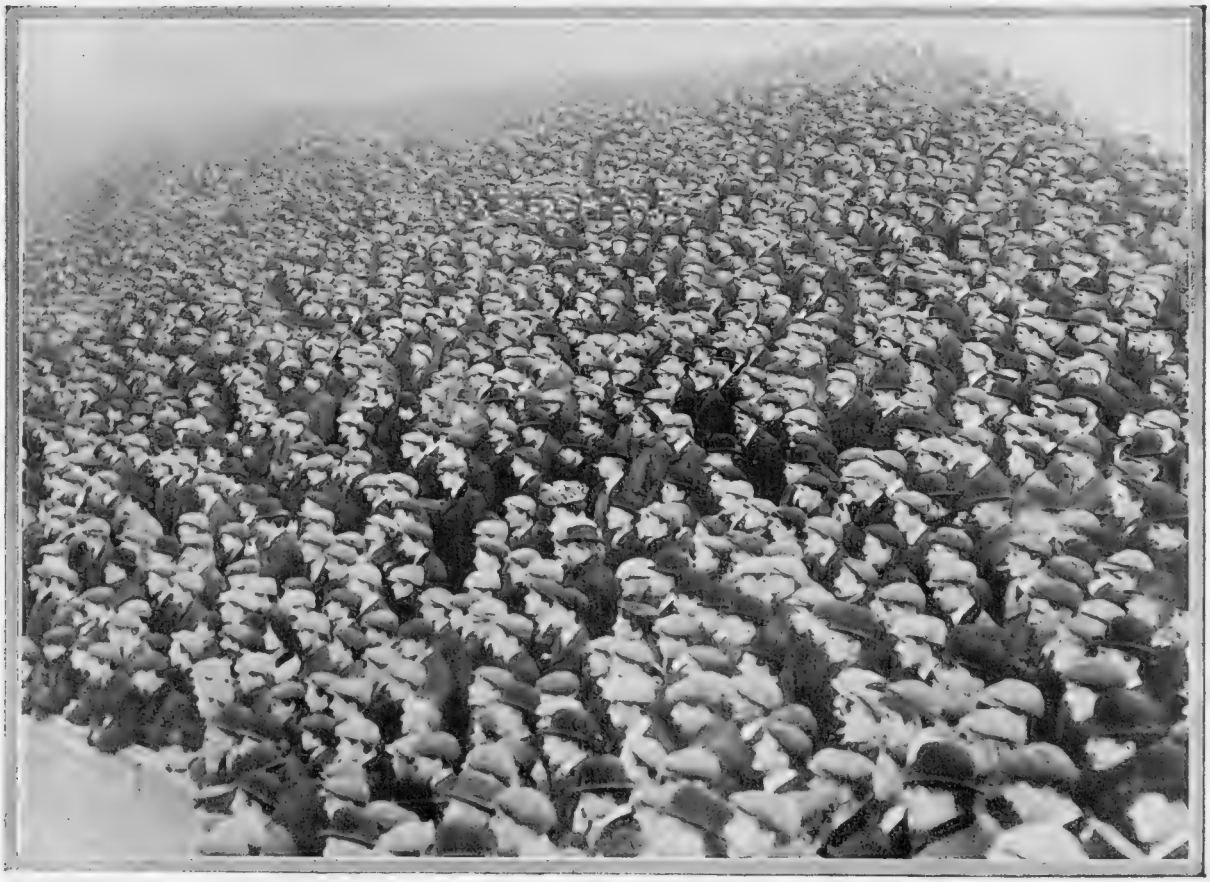
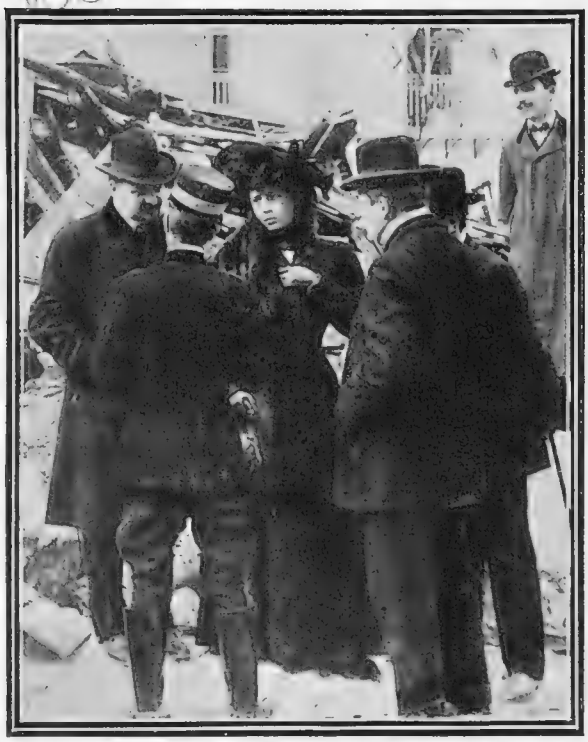


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Crowd at Woolwich for the Match between the Arsenal and Newcastle United

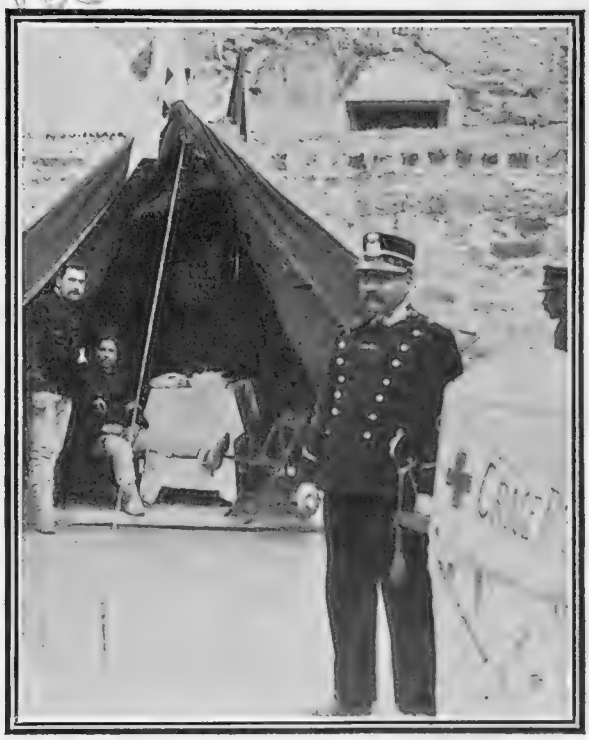
Explosion or Earthquake?

A MYSTERIOUS SICILIAN CATACLYSM



Photos

Mme. Floro, the wealthiest lady in Palermo, discusses the disaster



Illustrations Bureau

The Red Cross Ambulance at Work

Removing the killed and injured, of which there were about fifty of the former and hundreds of the latter

Photo *Topical Agency*

Palermo Firemen at Work: Searching for bodies

Considerable mystery surrounds the recent explosion at Palermo, which is only the last of a series in Italy and Sicily respectively. The Palermo explosion was at a firework factory, and involved wholesale destruction of life and property for four miles round, so terrific was the concussion. There is a suspicion that mysterious seismic disturbances, which have been suspected in various parts of Europe, are the real cause of the disaster

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Wiles of the F.A.

I am surprised to see that so many people have failed to grasp the significance of the Football Association's latest move—the resolution that an A.F.A. amateur is not to be debarred from playing with an F.A. team by reason of the fact that he plays for his Public School or University. It is supposed that this is a step on the part of the F.A. towards a reconciliation. It is nothing of the kind. It is simply an exception made by the F.A. to suit their own convenience. There are certain crack amateurs in the A.F.A. who are wanted by some of the professional clubs in the F.A. to strengthen their teams, and this is an ingenious plan for getting them—and for getting them without giving anything in return. It does not mean that University or Public School teams may play against F.A. clubs — only that individual University or Public School players may play for F.A. teams in matches under F.A. auspices. It means, moreover, that when once an A.F.A. amateur has elected to play for an F.A. club he may not play for any A.F.A. team except his Public School or University team. He must not play for the Corinthians, the Casuals, and so forth, or for his "Old Boy" club, or for any other A.F.A. club to which he may happen, or want, to belong. In other words, the price which he is asked to pay for the (literally) priceless privilege of playing for an F.A. club is that he should voluntarily cut himself off from all matches in which, as an A.F.A. amateur, he would ordinarily play other than those in which he is asked to represent his School or University. It is a subtle device for pressing into the service of the professional clubs prominent and promising amateurs without depriving them of the chance of the school colours or the 'Varsity Blue for which they are eligible. But the F.A. ban is as comprehensive as ever, and has not been abated one jot. There is not even any corresponding permission for prominent F.A. amateurs to play for A.F.A. clubs. It is sheer opportunism of the most one-sided and transparent character.

The Chance of the A.F.A.

This being so, I hope that the people who are being so skilfully angled for will not swallow the bait. I know it is a great temptation to be asked to play for a crack

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Hardly a Christmas Pastime—but Still, One Actually Enjoyed on the 25th

Christmas morning yachting on the River Lea. Chilly but enthusiastic sportsmen

Professional team like West Bromwich or Wolverhampton, but it must be resisted by all who intend to be really loyal to the A.F.A. And after all, it needs no very great effort. If a man said to me: "I am perfectly willing for some of the members of your family to come to my house when I invite them, but I am not going to let any of the members of my family go to yours," I should know exactly what to say to him. And this is, in effect, what the F.A. are saying to the A.F.A. When the A.F.A. seceded from the so-called "parent" body, they did so with their eyes open, prepared to face the drawbacks of total excommunication. They were totally excommunicated, and they have thriven in spite of it. They are strong enough to stand alone. And the fact that the other side, to serve their own ends, are holding up something that looks like an olive-branch, but is really nothing of the kind, affords them an excellent opportunity for showing that two can play at the game of excommunication. It is a chance for amateurs of asserting the independence of amateurism.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The International Outlook

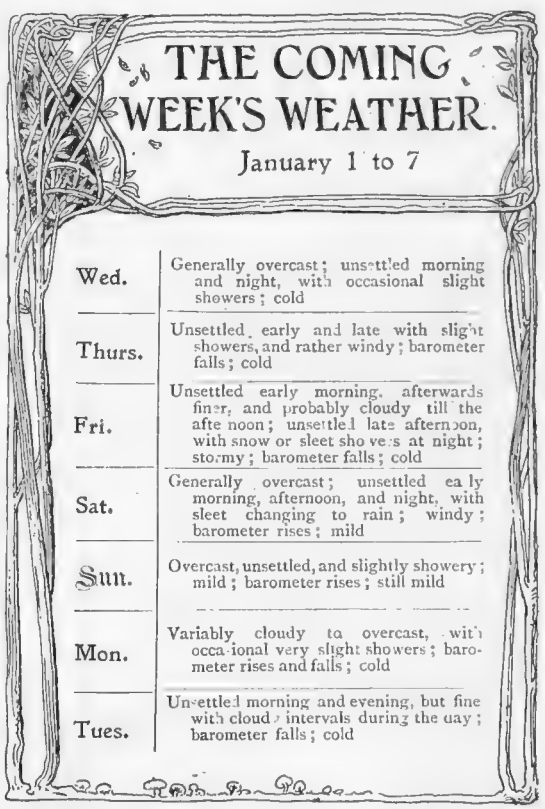
Now that the Christmas holidays are over, followers of Rugby football have begun—as a well-known writer on the game has put it—to "think Internationally." The North *v.* South match on December 21, the last of the English trials, was more satisfactory, as a trial, than these matches usually are, for it showed that England, besides having a sufficient supply of good forwards, has also some backs who are capable of combined action, and are by no means deficient in scoring power. It was, in fact, the scoring power of the South backs which won the victory for their side, for between the two packs of forwards there was not very much to choose, except that the South stayed rather better. The result is that the English Selection Committee have had a comparatively easy task in choosing the team to oppose France in Paris to-day, and their choice appears to have met with general approval. The match *v.* France, by the way, besides being an excellent institution in itself, serves as a very useful prelude to the more arduous business of the matches between the four countries of Great Britain.

The English Team v. France

Of the chosen forwards, four are old Internationals, the three Devon men, Mills, Kelly, and Roberts, and Dibble, of Somerset, while the three new choices are Boylen and Havelock, of Durham, and Chambers, of Kent. The backs, as might have been expected, are the backs of the South team over again with two alterations. G. V. Portus, who has been doing so well for Blackheath, replaces H. M. Coombs at half-back, and A. Hudson, the Gloucestershire International, gets his cap again in preference to B. Bennetts, of Cornwall. The injury sustained by the crack Oxford three-quarter, H. Vassall, while touring with his team in Ireland, caused his place in the South team to be filled by W. N. Lapage, of the United Services; and although Vassall was chosen in preference to him for to-day's match, he keeps the place, for Vassall is not yet sound enough to play. Three of the backs—Sibree (half) and Birkett and Lambert (three-quarters)—are members of the same club, the Harlequins, and the fact that they are accustomed to each other's methods should make the team strong in attack, at any rate on the left wing. Moreover, great things are expected of Lambert, who, in the opinion of many, ought to have been "capped" last year. He is supposed not to be quite reliable in defence, but, however that may be, he has proved himself a brilliant try-getter, and is, without doubt, one of the fastest wing men of the day. Defence alone will not win matches, and England's failures of late years have been mainly due to the fact that it had become a sort of canon of selection that no man could possibly be eligible for International honours unless his defence was absolutely above suspicion. England may be expected to win to-day's match, but it should prove interesting, for last year's encounter proved that France has some very speedy men, and that a little more knowledge of the game (which is bound to come with experience) would have made the team distinctly formidable.

Scottish Prospects

Scotland are in the curious position of having any number of good forwards, and quite an *embarras de richesses* of three-quarters, but rather a dearth of halves. This dearth, however, is more apparent than real. All that is really meant is that that incomparable pair, Simson and Munro, will be hard to replace. However, L. Greig played so finely in the Navy *v.* Army match that, although he has come to be regarded as rather past his prime, he is surely worth a trial, and for the other place there is not much the matter with the Oxonian, G. Cunningham.



Worcestershire v. "Fostershire" at Malvern

A UNIQUE GOLF MATCH

Mr. R. E. Foster
The famous cricketer, who captained his family

"Paterfamilias": Rev. H. Foster
The father of the famous sporting family

Miss C. M. Foster
Well known as a golf, rackets, lawn tennis, and hockey player

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The famous Foster Family, who beat Worcestershire in a remarkable golf match on Boxing Day

MIDDLE ROW (*left to right*): Mr. R. E. Foster, Mr. H. K. Foster, the Rev. H. Foster, Miss Foster, Major W. L. Foster, Mr. W. Greenstock (married to a Miss Foster). (*In front*): Mr. G. M. Foster, Mr. M. K. Foster

A unique contest took place on Boxing Day, when a Worcester County Golf Club team played a team composed of members of the famous Worcestershire family of sportsmen and sportswomen—the Fosters. Their already remarkable sporting record was added to by the fact that "Fostershire" were successful in beating their opponents by ten matches to four

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Professional Form in 1907

The year to which we have just said "good-bye" will be remembered in golfing history as Massy's year. His is the outstanding figure throughout. Beginning with his success at Cannes in the Grand Duke Michael's Tournament, Massy has been "on top" all the time. With his fine easy style, his great length, his accuracy in approaching, and his deadly putting, it was only a question of time and temperament as to the moment of his "arrival." He has mastered a slight impatience of temperament which stood in his way in former years. Thus, time and temperament coincided this year with irresistible force, as Hoylake, La Boulie, and finally Deal, bear eloquent witness. His recent victory at Deal over Braid in a thirty-six holes match sets the final seal on his present superiority. To be 4 down at the eleventh hole to such a "dour" match-player as Braid, to finish that round only 1 down, and finally to win the match by 2 and 1, shows that Massy now has the temperament of victory under difficulties. He has well proved the truth of the dictum of his generous opponent Taylor at Hoylake, "Massy is the best player of us all now." Such successes, both in score and match-play against our best men, make Massy a very formidable person for anyone to tackle, and I doubt whether in any future match against Braid or any other player the odds will be against Massy, as they were before the recent duel at Deal.

Photo *Dixon*

Massy Driving from the Tenth Tee

A Year of "Seconds"

For Taylor this has been a year of "seconds." That unhappy, if noble, position was occupied by him both at Hoylake and in the *News of the World* Tournament at Sunningdale. His brilliancy as a player is undiminished. He looked a winner all over at Hoylake, until that fatal third hole in one of his later rounds dashed the cup from his lips. Still, he had the satisfaction of lowering Massy's colours at Skegness. When Taylor can recover the secret of his unruffled demeanour of older days, then I feel certain that he will turn the fatal number 2 into the coveted 1. For Braid the year, in a sense, has been a disappointing one, although he made up for his failure at Hoylake and La Boulie by his success at Sunningdale. Still, he could not count Massy as an opponent in that tournament, and now he has finally disappointed his admirers by his defeat at Deal. But it is quite impossible in any game like golf, with all its elements of variety and luck, for one player to remain for ever at the top of the tree. The wonder, rather, is that Braid should have held his commanding position so long. We shall now, no doubt, see a match arranged early this year between Massy and Braid over a series of courses, a veritable battle of giants which will be worth a long day's journey to watch.

Braid Approaching the Ninth Green

Arnaud Massy closed his year of brilliant golfing triumphs by beating Braid by 2 up and 1 to play at Deal

THE MASSY v. BRAID MATCH AT DEAL

Other Players—

There has not been much change in the relative positions of the other great players, such as the Vardons, Herd, Pulford, Rowland Jones, and others who have been prominent in former years. Harry Vardon is still looking for the magic putter which shall restore him to his former supremacy. At present, like many others, he is following the fashion set by Braid in the shape of the lofted aluminium wooden-shaped putter. I have often remarked that golfers are very much like sheep, and follow a lead blindly. It is comforting to see even the greatest players exemplifying this statement. In the present instance, the argument seems to be: "Braid was a bad putter; he has become a first-class putter by using the lofted aluminium club; therefore anyone can achieve the same miracle by using a similar club." But what is one man's meat may be another's poison. I shall look with interest this year at Prestwick to see whether Vardon remains faithful to his aluminium putter.

—And the Younger Division

Of the younger division, E. Ray and G. Duncan are the most threatening competitors for the older men. Either of them may at any moment raise himself to the first place. Both have tremendous swiping powers, combined with delicate accuracy in the short game. With both of them, I should say, that temperament still stands in their way. Ray strikes me as too casual, Duncan as too impatient. Both have, however, many years, especially the latter, in which to acquire that concentration and control of mind without which championships cannot be won. If Mayo's temperament could be infused into Duncan, or Duncan's tremendous powers in the long game into Mayo's muscles, we should have found the young champion who will break the ranks of the older heroes. But Massy has got there first, and it will need some doughty work to dislodge him from his position.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Site of the new R.A.C. Premises, alias the War Office
The Royal Automobile Club have acquired the site of the old War Office, on which they will erect a magnificent club-house at a cost of not less than £150,000

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

What are you to do if you are far from home and your car breaks down from some unknown defect? A man I know has a method which may be recommended as simple, if, perhaps, a trifle opportunist. He always carries, besides a strong piece of rope, a Thermos flask with hot tea, some sandwiches, and a bundle of magazines or other light literature. He is a good driver, but knows nothing about the internal arrangements of his engine. When the car refuses to proceed, he comfortably settles himself on the cushions of the tonneau and waits for another motorist to pass him. Then he hails him and asks to be towed to the nearest garage, as he has had a serious breakdown. He is always able to supply the tow-rope!

* * *

It is very curious how ignorant many owners are of their own cars. This is, I suppose, the reason why small garages are springing up like mushrooms all over the country. In the ordinary way, the odd jobs would not provide a very lucrative income to the proprietors of many of these garages, yet it seems that there is scarcely a trouble too trivial but that the motorist goes to the nearest garage for assistance. I know men who will not even change a sparking-plug themselves; while if the engine is running at all unsatisfactorily, instead of attempting to diagnose the complaint, they go straight off to the nearest garage for what they imagine to be expert assistance.

* * *

Rarely do they get it. The average proprietor and his staff of one mechanic and a boy know next to nothing of their business. If the trouble be very slight, you may be lucky enough to get it repaired then and there, but the odds are you will have to leave it where it is while the proprietor "writes to the manufacturer for a spare." It is certain, also, that his bill, when that document is forthcoming, will be of generous proportions.

* * *

I am not speaking of the large garages in towns, many of which have an admirable staff of competent mechanics, but of the obscure establishments, which seem to flourish like young bay trees in many places. Their owners are sometimes erstwhile chauffeurs, who have saved a little bit of money, and have started "on their own." Sometimes they are men who were once cyclist agents, and have spread their net to snare bigger game. In any case, the sale of petrol and oil not providing a sufficient wherewithal, they look to the misfortunes of the motorist to give them the opportunity of making a haul. It seems a thousand pities that some attempt is not made to regulate the charges of many of these harpies. Half a crown for mending a puncture is a pretty stiff price to charge, yet it is the usual figure. Again, in charging accumulators, some garages charge absurd prices. Recently, at three separate places, I had one of my accumulators charged; one man asked 9*d*., another 1*s*. 6*d*., and a third only asked 6*d*. for the job. When I was charged 1*s*. 6*d*. I expostulated, but was told that "we always charge that sum for large accumulators."

* * *

The motor clubs of London seem to be very busy just now. The Royal Automobile Club have been ambitious enough to acquire the premises of the old War Office, and they have to rebuild at a cost of not

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Trying to Break the Record
Newton on his 90 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier ready to start. One lap was covered at the rate of 107 miles per hour, but ultimately he had to give up the attempt owing to two of his tyres bursting

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less than £150,000! The Motor Club for the time being seem to be satisfied with their premises, but they have recently amalgamated with the Crystal Palace Club, so that all members of the Motor Club are *ipso facto* members of the Crystal Palace Club, and can obtain admission whenever they wish by displaying a token.

* * *

The race between the Napier and F.I.A.T. cars is causing a good deal of interest in the motoring world, and a great number of people went to Brooklands to see F. Newton attempt to lower the record for one hour. Nazarro, who will represent the F.I.A.T. in the forthcoming race, watched his future opponent with great interest, and Newton was going very fast indeed, one lap being covered at over 107 miles per hour. Unfortunately, he had to give up the attempt, owing to both the back and front tyres bursting.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LV.: Mr. John S. Napier

Mr. John S. Napier, the subject of our Car-icature this week, may well be described as the darling of the ladies of the Isle of Man. No matter what cars may have entered, no matter what world-wide celebrities may be driving, the eyes of the fair sex seem riveted upon John S. Napier as he sits in his Arrol-Johnston car, spic and span, waiting for the auspicious moment which will send the car forward on its career, to win, if possible, the Tourist Trophy Race. In the more prosaic world of business, John S. Napier is recognised as one of the most able designers in the world of automobilism.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

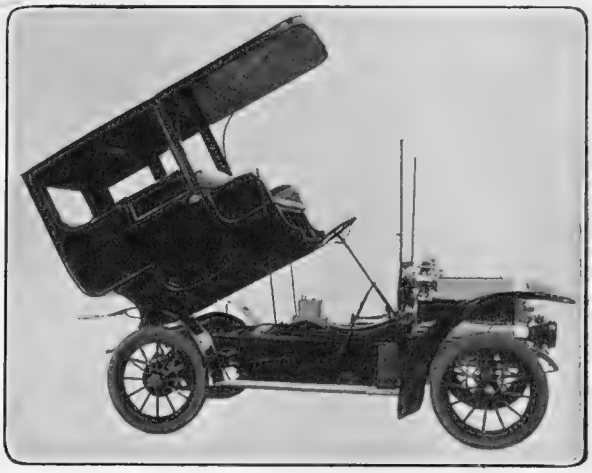
Car-icature—No. LV.: Mr. John S. Napier
He may be described as "the darling of the ladies of the Isle of Man," whose idol he is during the Tourist Trophy Meeting. Incidentally, he is recognised as one of the most able designers in the world of automobilism
(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

As recently announced, the Daimler Company are now concluding arrangements for the hire of motor carriages in first-class style. Only modern cars, indistinguishable from private carriages, with drivers in smart uniforms, will be employed.

The London manager of the Daimler Company, Mr. U. Stratton, has been presented by the German Emperor with a scarf-pin, representing the crown and the initial set in diamonds, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of the pleasure he obtained from the Daimler cars placed at his disposal during his visit to this country. His Majesty emphatically wished it to be made known that he was more than pleased with the running of the cars, and stated that there had been no involuntary stop during the many hundreds of miles that he had traversed in England. Mr. Stratton also received a signed photograph of H.M. the King of Spain, with which he conveyed his appreciation of the Daimler cars used by him and his Consort during their visit to England. In short, it is generally understood that both the German Emperor and the King of Spain are never tired of speaking of the excellent qualities of Daimler cars.

HOW TO PURCHASE A GOOD MOTOR-CAR AT A REASONABLE PRICE. — Providing you want a second-hand motor-car, a good place to go to on purchase bent is the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, 55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly, W. Here you have a fine selection of second-hand cars to choose from—anything from Napier landaulettes, originally costing thousands, and obtainable for £600, to baby Peugeots at £50. Every car is examined by an expert, and, where necessary, small repairs are executed. The lowest reserve price is marked in plain figures on each car, and the premises are capable of showing eighty cars to advantage. Where sales are effected, a commission of 10 per cent. is charged by the Agency. There are absolutely no extras whatever whilst the car is in the showroom, although remaining absolutely the property of the owner and at his disposal at any time. Cars are garaged free, insured against fire and burglary risks, advertised freely and without charge in the public Press. This is the time of the year to pick up bargains in second-hand cars. Cars that are not new are supposed, by some people, to be not worth buying. But this is quite wrong. The London and Paris Exchange have Napiers, Mors, Beauforts, Thornycrofts, De Dions, Darracqs, and all well-known makes.



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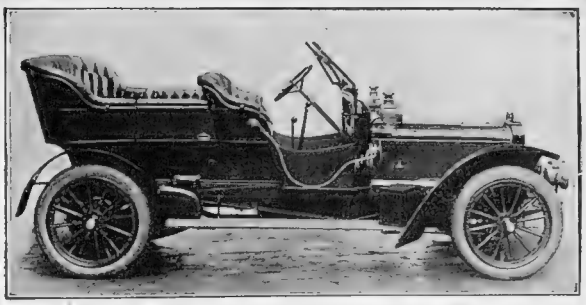

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Why Wake Up?

Wake Up, England! (Skeffington: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is the title of a book by Mr. P. A. Vaile. Mr. Vaile, who appears to be a New Zealander of sporting associations, has been over here for awhile, and finds things in a pretty bad way. Everything seems to be, somehow, on the downward grade. Sport, politics, drama, religion, education, morals, are all decadent. Mr. Vaile wants us to wake up, though I really don't quite see the necessity. Besides, can we? There was once a philosopher who was asked to marvel at Niagara. "I would," he said, "if it rolled upwards." Mr. Vaile, having depicted this country as a positive cataract of decadence, might as sensibly say, "Roll up, Niagara" as "Wake up, England." When a country has been going down and down and down for centuries (as the Mr. Vailes of every generation have been telling England she has), isn't it almost best to let her go on going down? There are always compensations. Falling doesn't necessarily mean stopping down. Niagara has a back-wash, and balls, as I need hardly remind so great an authority as Mr. Vaile—he plays lawn tennis—bounce. What is New Zealand, the land whence Mr. Vaile comes, but a back-wash or a bounce—if I may employ the more appropriate simile—of falling Britain? Were we the Eldorado Mr. Vaile would have us, who among us would ever emigrate? From whence, in that event, would New Zealand have gained its population, out of which to rear such prodigies of mental and physical virility as Mr. Vaile—(for further personal details see *Wake Up, England*, any page).

"Immortal Memories"

Mr. Clement Shorter's *Immortal Memories* (Hodder: 6*s.*) contain appreciations of Johnson, Cowper, Crabbe, Borrow, Ferdinand Lassalle, etc., as delivered by that eminent critic as addresses to various assemblies all over the country. To suggest, however, that the reader, in obtaining Mr. Shorter's book, will obtain appreciations only of those worthies and the others dealt with, is to underrate the value for one's money. When Mr. Shorter sets forth to tell you about one person, depend on it he will work in plenty about other persons too. Not with mere empty generalisations will he fill up the spaces of his appreciation, but with plenty of good solid facts—names, dates, places—which are thrown into the pot with astonishing generosity. When writing, I imagine Mr. Shorter positively clamouring for names. If the name can possibly be "Brontë"—if a criticism of Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Goethe, or the Angel Gabriel can possibly admit of the interpolation of some fact concerning Charlotte, or Emily, or Brontë *père*—then, for goodness sake, Brontë let it be, but the possibility being remote, then others must be made to serve. Generally speaking, however, the method is more or less a case of

> I'll tell you a story of Johnson and Cowper,
> And now my story is done.
> I'll tell you another of Charlotte and Em'ly
> Brontë. Ah, *now*, it's begun!

Clyde Fitch H. G. Wells Winston Churchill

THREE OF MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S CARICATURES

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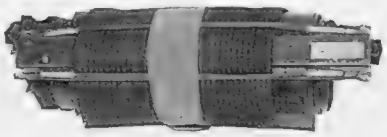

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WES

Eulogising the "Times"

One of the many attractive features of Messrs. Greening's jolly little monthly review, *The Imp* (price one penny), is a series of articles on "The Power of the Press." No. 7 —in the current issue— deals appreciatively with the *Times*, which, as the author, Mr. Manning Foster, aptly says, "occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of the Established Church." Quite analogous, in all its infinite variety, from plain evangelical Bishop Buckle preaching the simple Gospel in Printing House Square, to those defiant Ritualists, Canon Hooper and Dean Jackson, burning Book Club candles and Encyclopædic incense before high altars in Oxford Street! Continuing his eulogy, Mr. Manning Foster reminds us that "in reading the *Times* of past years you will realise that newspaper 'enterprise' is not a thing of to-day, and that journalists knew their business long before Lord Northcliffe and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson appeared on the scene to show them the way. . . . In 1809 he (Walter) published particulars of the capitulation of Flushing a full twenty-four hours before the news reached the Government." But, surely, the modern halfpenny Press has beaten this times without number by publishing reports of events not only before the news of them reached the Government, but before they happened. So long before, indeed, that some, recorded in our contemporaries years ago, have not taken place even yet.

"She Loved Much"

Mr. Alfred Buchanan, whose truly admirable book, "The Real Australia," attracted so much attention in the Spring, has made his debut as a novelist with *She Loved Much* (Unwin: 6*s*.). This novel is a clever study of the character of a young journalist, bound by an informal marriage-tie to one girl, but carried away from duty's path by the charms of a brilliant actress—not of the musical comedy, but of the "legitimate" variety. The scene is laid chiefly in Manchester, with a *dénouement* in London. Mr. Buchanan tugs very hard at his reader's heart-strings in tracing the progress of the "unwedded wife" after her desertion —how she flies from the scene of her love to misery and death in exile. There is a lot of realism and tragedy in this curious story, which is certainly one to be read, revealing as it does a new point of view, and a new method of treating emotional entanglements.

VIVIAN CARTER.

"The Romance of the King's Army"

It is improbable that a healthy-minded boy has ever existed who has not, at some time or other, longed to be a soldier, and even the most staid and peace-loving of individuals find something irresistibly attractive in the doings of "Mr. Thomas Atkins." Many readers will, therefore, be found for *The Romance of the King's Army* (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s*. net), by Mr. A. B. Tucker, who is well known as an authority on matters military. The book is composed of chapters, each complete in themselves, on various memorable doings of our Army, such as the Battle of Omdurman, the Capture of the Dargai Heights, Saving the Guns at Maiwand, the Wreck of the *Birkenhead*, etc.; while more general topics, such as Regimental Pets, the Victoria Cross, and the Colours, are dealt with. This book is of equal interest to both boys and "old boys," and deserves to be bracketed with Dr. Fitchett's "Deeds that Won the Empire."

H. W. P.

Recruiting for Mr. Haldane's Army: A forecast of the steps the authorities may have to take to overcome rural prejudice

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

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The price is as remarkable as the quality—
From 6/6 to 10/6 per 100.

London Office: 86. STRAND.

WINTER'S JOYS.

One of the greatest comforts in the cold wintry weather is a pipe of "Three Nuns." The entire lack of bitterness and the sweet, cool flavour, added to the fact that it does not burn the tongue, makes "Three Nuns" the favoured brand of millions of enthusiastic smokers.

Those who like "THREE NUNS," but who like it stronger, should ask for "KING'S HEAD."

Mixtures of unique manufacture and choicest quality.

1 oz. packets & 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins, 6d. per oz.

Free sample of "Three Nuns" sent to all who apply (mentioning this paper) to STEPHEN MITCHELL & SONS, St. Andrews Square, Glasgow.

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

With the sales—and their advent will have been made apparent ere this issue appears in print—there comes a firm and determined good-bye to the season's cherished productions, while history has yet to reveal the next turn of the modistic wheel. Naturally, rumours, many and rife, open up a world of speculation, and although one may have premonitions, it will not be safe to make any definite statement until the beginning of February, although, by the way, the International Dress Exhibition, to be held at Earl's Court this month, will in all probability lighten the darkness for us.

Great things are expected of this show, and provided prognostications are verified, it will prove a unique event. Meanwhile, there are sales, and, truth to tell, what I do not know of the majority of these annual clearances is not worth the telling. Taking one with the other, the average of opportunities struck is considerably above those usually prevailing.

Photo *Manuel*

A Mid-Season Visiting Gown

From a design by the Maison Drécoll

Silk Bargains

For reasons far too occult for such as I to divine, there seems to have been, in mercantile parlance, something of a slump in silks; consequently, several large houses within the environs of Bond Street are making more than the usual substantial reductions. I know of some exquisite *velour sabré*, which, translated, means a cut velvet *chène* design, on a satin ground, once 35*s.* a yard, reduced to 8*s.* 9*d.*; also a *crêpe de soie* satin, striped, running double width, only 5*s.* 11*d.*, and ranging through the loveliest shades, including Nankin, brown, pæon, and *taupe*; while for wedding, Court, and reception gowns there is a satin Duchesse, in ivory and cream only, starting at 6*s.* 9*d.*, the tip-top of production being reached at 12*s.* 9*d.* And, slump or no slump, silk is silk, and will ever remain a fabric capable of affording a moral support to fair femininity higher things are frequently incapable of bestowing.

A Mid-Season Visiting Gown

With remnants and bargains rending the air, there has happily fallen to my consideration a visiting gown that suggests the short length in several directions. Initially, there is the Princesse, or Josephine, skirt of velvet, for the fashioning of which a reduced dress length would amply suffice, a similarly modest supply of dyed *filet* lace serving for the upper part. As the picture clearly relates, the feature of this last is the favourite heavily padded silk embroidery, and it is also equally apparent how a wide insertion is responsible for the whole matter, two widths being joined to create the sleeves. Additionally to all of which there is a tiny V vest of chiffon, all in tone, and a fine drawn chemisette of ivory lace, with high-tucked collar, and tiny Toby frill of lace. The great house of Drécoll are the original designers of this very elegant thing. But the moral pointed is, to try and

A CLEARANCE SALE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE

SPECIAL attention is directed to a great Clearance Sale, *commencing January 1st*, of Modern and Antique Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Bedsteads, Bedding, Easy Chairs, China and Glass, Electric Fittings, and every furnishing requisite — all at CLEARANCE prices. A Special Sale Catalogue, indicating the exceptional value obtaining in every Department, will be sent free. A visit of inspection is cordially invited.

COMMENCING JANUARY 1st, FOR ONE MONTH

JOHN BARKER & CO LTD
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET W

Connoisseurs of COFFEE drink the

RED, WHITE, & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST AND AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without internal Medicine.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzin requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. —Penzing, Vienna.—24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

The Embrocation will be found effectual in cases of RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, and LUMBAGO.

Price 4s. per Bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Paris: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: Fongera & Co., North William St.

GEO. WRIGHT & CO., LTD.
BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS

TO H.M. THE KING AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Have Removed from Westminster Bridge Road to Large and Extensive Showrooms at

7, Argyll St., Regent St., W.

Inspection Invited. No connection with any other firm of Billiard Table Makers.

Telegrams: "Billiards, London." *Telephone:* 2013—8183 Central.

buy skirt lengths of silk or velvet or cloth sufficient to be carried slightly above the waist if desired.

Unique Sale of Easy Chairs at John Barker's, Kensington

It has taken decades to undo the evils wrought under the influence of the tasteless Early Victorian period, when suites of furniture apparently secured preference by reason of their ability to make everyone as uncomfortable as possible. And even to-day, when we may be said to have arrived at something approaching a very definite conclusion as to what comprises comfort, the really ideal easy chair is by no manner of means a common possession. There are any number of so-called easy chairs about, effectively got-up affairs, but of a fact providing no more real rest to a tired body than the much-maligned Early Victorian twisted constructions, since, for some reason unknown, the so-called Club chair—a low, deep-seated model, beautifully sprung and upholstered—has been kept at a price prohibitive to all but the few.

The "Barclay" Chair, £3 10s. The "Carlton Special" Chair, £3 10s.

TWO BARGAINS AT BARKER'S FURNITURE SALE

Now, for some considerable time past, Messrs. John Barker, of Kensington, have maintained a notably exhaustive furniture department, modern and antique, and it has been determined considerably to reduce all the existing stock during January. It is wholly superfluous to point out what an opportunity this offers to such as are either furnishing throughout or merely replenishing. Every article is of the firm's everyday stock, and they have indisputably proved the possibility of combining artistic excellence at prices hitherto only associated with the commonplace.

Prominent among their chief efforts has been the production of easy chairs and settees, all manufactured in their own factories, a guarantee being given throughout of sound workmanship and good material, lacking which the result is merely a chair without the prefix "easy." A very marked amount of attention has been bestowed on this particular branch of the work, so that the Carlton, one of the models illustrated, is procurable for the very moderate price of £3 10s., the Barclay, the other example, costing £3 10s. One has only to look at the pictures to realise the worth of these goods, many more instances of which prevail at a like valuation.

Although a personal visit is always advisable, the clear and exhaustive illustrations in the sale catalogue enable a safe choice to be made, Messrs. John Barker making special arrangements to deal with postal orders with every promp itude. Moreover, any article not meeting with a customer's approval will be exchanged and the money refunded.

About the Demise of the Petticoat

Since referring to this a few weeks back, a good deal of valuable evidence has been forced to the front as to the accuracy of the rumour. Although the stage is largely responsible for the impetus given to the exaggeratedly slim figure, that fully suffices in these days for assurance, the finger of *La Mode* points with unmistakable precision at a limp, clinging aspect; and, let those deride it who like, the odds are all in favour of the decree becoming fact. Foreshadowing the future, I foresee innumerable difficulties arising in the paths of those not too lavishly endowed with this world's goods, the proposed outfits for the Riviera verily exhausting an extravagance of ideas. About which more anon.

Concerning Chocolate

A few years ago, it was undoubtedly the fact that the public preferred to purchase Swiss Milk Chocolate to the chocolate manufactured by British firms. Recently, however, the leading makers in England have nobly risen to the occasion, and to-day the best-known firms manufacture a chocolate which is superior to any coming from abroad. Speaking for myself, I prefer Cadbury's to any other make, and the other day, after giving a little dinner-party, for dessert I had some Cadbury's Nut Milk Chocolate, which my guests enjoyed very much. During this season, few presents are more appreciated by ladies or children than a good box of chocolate, and Messrs. Cadbury have placed on the market some exceedingly high-class fancy boxes of charming design, and containing exquisite chocolates in various forms. I can highly recommend Cadbury's to any of my readers with a clear conscience that it will be appreciated by all to whom it is sent.

Ideal Condiment

The wholesomeness and value of Mustard as a condiment was, perhaps, never so much appreciated as in the present day when so many preparations challenge its use at the dinner table. Our forefathers who used Mustard because they liked its pungent flavour, builded better than they knew, for really good Mustard combines in itself the attributes of an appetiser, a tonic, and a digester.

The daily replenished Mustard-pot is recognised as one of the first evidences of good household management, and the daintily filled pot one of the attractions of a well-laid table.

It seems almost superfluous to add that Colman's Mustard stands unrivalled for quality, strength, purity, and flavour, and that its high reputation and general use are striking tributes to its great superiority.

The Kaiser's Visit

Messrs. Paquin, Ltd., of Dover Street, were commanded by H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany to submit a number of their model hats for his inspection before his departure from London. As a result, a number were selected for the Empress, with which the Kaiser expressed his delight. In every instance those chosen were the original models designed by Paquins for his Majesty's approval.